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AT CAPE MAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

The summer skies were blue and bright,
And blue and bright the sea:
When a lady came to the pebbly beach,
Where the surf was dancing free.
Her proud breast met the wave's embrace,
As she stooped to the dashing brine:
And she laughing said—"There are arms at home,
Will clasp me closer than thine!"

The Sea-breeze flapped his pinions broad,
That all night had folded lain;
With parted lips she wooed his breath,
As he sprang across the main.
He flew to her side—and on cheek and brow,
He prest his ardent sign:
But she smiling said—"There are lips at home,
Whose kiss is sweeter than thine."

The sun lay down in the West to sleep,
Her vigil Night began;
And pilgrim stars came up the sky,
With Hesper in the van.
The Lady sat at her lattice then,
And watched his dewy shine;
And sighing, said—"God bless the eyes,
Whose light is dearer than thine!"

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE LEASE OF THE SAILOR'S REST.

The indisposition of Miss Bordillion soon passed, and Tiffie withdrew in silence; having the grace to feel that it was scarcely the moment to venture upon *any more of her* "condolances." The evening grew later, and the children were sent to bed; but Margaret sat on where she was, never quitting her chair.

To say that the news had stunned her, would be to use a most feeble expression, as descriptive of the facts. Her whole mind was in a chaos; and she was only conscious that the rubicon, which most women must encounter once in their lives, was now passed, leaving behind it sweet and sunny plains, as of Arcadia; stretching out before it, the way she must henceforth walk, nothing but a black darkness.

But Margaret Bordillion was one to look troubles firmly in the face, and she set herself to do so by this; even now, in the very dawn of her agony. First of all, were the tidings true? If so, she must decide upon her own future movements; for, to remain in the house after the young Lady Adelaide was brought to it, his wife—Margaret bent her head with a wailing cry; she could not pursue the thought. She must, if possible, be satisfied on the point before she slept; there was only one way to accomplish it, and that was by putting the question to Mr. Lester; and she resolved to do it.

He came home about eleven o'clock, much surprised to see Miss Bordillion sitting there; for she never waited for him when he passed his evenings out.

"You are quite dissipated, Margaret," began he, in his gay, careless tones. "Eleven o'clock, and you sitting up!"

She strove to form her lips to answer, but no sound came from them. She was schooling down her manner to indifference, making an effort to speak with calmness, but it was more difficult than she had thought. Mr. Lester continued, noticing nothing.

"I am sure this is much more sensible than your dancing off up stairs to your own sitting-room or to bed, leaving an empty room to welcome me. I have wondered why you do so, Margaret; you can't fear I shall eat you."

Margaret cleared her throat preparatory to speaking, but the self-agitation which the effort induced, was more than she well knew how to hide. Her heart was beating great thumps, beating up to her throat, her face was white and her lips were dry. She rose from her seat, and opening her workbox, which rested on a side table, stood there, apparently rummaging its contents, her back to Mr. Lester. Then she managed to bring out what she had made up her mind to say.

"I have been hearing some news to-night, and I thought I would wait and ask you if it was true. These warm evenings, too, one finds sitting up agreeable."

"What momentous news have you been hearing?" he laughed. "That the Thames has taken fire?"

"Something nearer home," she answered, dropping a reel of cotton and stooping for it. "I have been told that you are going to—" a sudden cough took her, which caused the pause—"to marry Lady Adelaide Errol."

"Now, who the deuce could have given you that information?" demanded Mr. Lester, in a joking tone.

"Tiffie. She said that Jones—at least I think she said it was Jones—had announced it to the servants, and she concluded he had authority from you."

"The notion of Miss Bordillion's listening to the gossip of servants!" was his retort; and but for his manner, still a laughing one, she would have deemed it all nonsense together; perhaps a faint hope did come across her that it might be. At that juncture the butler happened to enter with some glasses, and his master arrested him.

"So, Jones, you have been making free with Lady Adelaide Errol's name to-night—in conjunction with mine."

Jones turned crimson and purple, and Jones stuttered and stammered, but not a connected word could Jones utter.

"Pray from whom did you get your information?" continued Mr. Lester.

"Sir, I'm sure I beg pardon if—if it's not correct, or if I did wrong to speak of it," cried the man. "I got it from Mr. Geoffry Dane."

"From Mr. Geoffry Dane!" repeated Squire Lester, surprise causing him to echo the words. "How did that come about?"

"It was in this way, sir. I met Mr. Geoffry Dane in the road near the castle, and he stopped to speak; he often does, for he's a affable, pleasant gentleman; and just then my Lady Adelaide passed towards the castle, with her maid and Bruff behind her. 'She's a winsome young thing, sir,' I said, when Mr. Dane was putting on his hat again, which he had taken off to her, 'as good as a sunbeam.' 'It's a sunbeam you'll soon have near to you, Jones,' answered he; 'in a week or two's time she leaves the castle for your master's, changing her name for his.' He looked so queer when he said it."

"Queer! How 'queer?'" asked Mr. Lester.

"Well, sir, I can hardly describe—there was a funny look about his mouth; the corners of it drawn down like. It made me think he had been speaking in ridicule, but I found he had not."

The servant ceased, but no rejoinder was made to him.

"And I certainly did speak of it when I got home, sir, and I am sorry if it has given offence, but I thought there could be no harm in repeating it, as it was said openly to me. Shall I contradict it, sir?"

"Oh, dear, no," carelessly replied Mr. Lester. "You may go, Jones."

The man retired, and Miss Bordillion, who had been steadying her nerves during the colloquy, turned to Mr. Lester.

"It is true, then?"

"Yes, it is true, Margaret," he answered, his manner changing to seriousness. "I should have acquainted you with it to-morrow; the few words I said to you this morning after breakfast were intended as preparing heralds."

"And is it possible that it is so near?"

"Circumstances are compelling the haste. Lord Dane's state is most precarious, and I do not wish Adelaide to depart for Scotland."

"I think you should have told me," she returned, her voice expressing resentment. "It is a short notice for me to lay my plans and get away from the house."

"Get away from the house!" exclaimed Mr. Lester, "what are you thinking of now?"

"Nay—what are you thinking of, I may rather say?"

"The house is large enough for you and for Adelaide. She will not be putting you out of your place as mistress, because it is a place you have never assumed, and never would do it. You can remain in it precisely as you have hitherto done."

"No, Mr. Lester, it is impossible," she answered, a sickly smile momentarily arising to her features. "Before you bring home your wife, I must leave to make room for her."

"Margaret," he returned in a low tone, "I do not forget that you promised Katherine to supply her place to Maria—to be, in a sense, the child's second mother. Are you forgetting it?"

A flush of pain dyed her face—the peculiar words called it forth.

"You are bringing home Maria's second mother, in Lady Adelaide," she said, laying her hand on her chest to still its beating.

"I should not bring Adelaide here to saddle her with the charge of a child, for whom she does not, as yet, care: and she is neither old enough nor experienced enough to fulfill the duties of a parent to one of Maria's age. When she shall have children of her own, experience will come with them. Margaret! you love Maria almost as the apple of your eye: you could not bear to part with her."

That it would bring more grief than she chose to acknowledge, was certain.

"I must bear it," was all she said.

"No, no. Margaret, by the remembrance of Katherine, for Maria's own sake, I ask you to rescind this expressed resolution, and remain with us. *At any rate, for a period*: say three months, six months; and then—if your sojourn be not agreeable; if you and Adelaide cannot get on well together—then it will be time enough to talk of leaving. Dear Margaret! do not desert Maria."

He had drawn close to her, and taken her hands in the earnestness of his emotion. She quietly withdrew them without reply; and Mr. Lester supposed his prayer was acceded to.

Margaret Bordillion retired to her chamber, and sat herself down to think. What should she do? what *ought* she to do? She was a woman greatly alive to the dictates of conscience, one who was most anxious, even at a self-sacrifice, to fulfill her duty. And conscience was already beginning to ask her whether it would be right to abandon Maria Lester.

"Should I put my own pain, my own chilled feelings in comparison with this?" she asked herself. "Terrible as it will be to me to live here when she is his wife, perhaps I *can* bear it. And I deserve punishment: yes; for I had no right to suffer myself to become so attached to him. Let me take up the punishment and bear it, as I best may."

She sat on, to the little hours of the morning, battling with her grievous trial. But no better reconciled did she get to it; and she rose impressed with the belief that she should not be able to remain. She made a kind of compromise with herself: she would not hurry away before the marriage, as was her first thought, but would remain during the month the bride and bridegroom expected to be absent on their wedding tour (following the customs of the world), and quit it only just previous to their return.

"About Edith?" she said to Mr. Lester the following day, without touching upon other particulars. "She had better be sent back to school."

"I don't see why she should be," was his reply. "She was invited for a three months' visit, and but a month of it has elapsed. Her remaining here will make no difference to Lady Adelaide: she will be with Maria."

Miss Bordillion offered no rejoinder: Edith could leave when she did, she thought.

A few days passed on, nine or ten, and the day fixed for the wedding was drawing very close. Lord Dane seemed to have taken a turn for the better: he still kept his bed, from that he would never rise again: but his general health and spirits were much improved. One morning he sent for Mr. Apperly. The lawyer expressed his pleasure at seeing him so well.

"Yes," smiled Lord Dane, "I fancy I have taken another lease of my short span of life, and may be here a few months longer instead of a few weeks. Feeling equal to business, Apperly, I may as well execute the will to-day: I suppose it is ready."

"Quite ready, my lord, and has been this fortnight. But you were to let me know when to bring it up for signature."

"I have not been well enough to put myself to any sort of business or trouble," was the reply of Lord Dane.

"It is not well to suffer wills to remain unexecuted," remarked the lawyer. "Procrastination plays strange tricks sometimes."

"Not well, as a general rule, or when a man lies daily in danger of death," acquiesced Lord Dane. "Had I been likely to go off like the snuff of a candle, I would have signed the will the day it was made. But I do not imagine my departure will be quite so sudden as all that."

"About witnesses?" inquired Mr. Apperly. "Shall I bring them with me?"

"There's no necessity. Bruff and one of the other men will do. Squire Lester may happen *to be in the castle at the time: if so, he* can be one."

"He marries Lady Adelaide, we hear."

"Yes. Was it not you who drew up the settlement?"

Mr. Apperly shook his head.

"I am not the *solicitor to Mr. Lester. Oh* —*by the way*"—he suddenly *added*, "has your lordship heard that Hawthorne is off to Australia?"

"Hawthorne off to Australia!" uttered Lord Dane, turning his eyes on the lawyer in surprise. "What should take him thither?"

"He has heard from his two brothers, who went over, as your lordship may remember, some four or five years ago. They are doing well; excellently; are making fortunes; and have written for Hawthorne to go out, and do the same."

"And he intends to go?"

"Ay; and to be off in a jiffy. Since the letter came, the man has not known whether he stood on his head or his heels, his brain reeling with the golden visions it holds forth. He was with me the next day, asking what he had better do about the lease of his house. It seems he had given wings to the news, and twenty are already after it, anxious to take it off his hands. Of course subject to your lordship's approval."

"A good house is the Sailor's Rest," remarked Lord Dane; "an excellent living for any steady man. Hawthorne would do well to think twice, before he gives it up."

"So I told him. But—you see that sun, my lord, its rays shining in so brightly—you might just as well try to turn that from the earth, as to turn Hawthorne from this new project. He is wildly bent upon it, and his wife is the same; she is already gone to London, to lay in an outfit for the voyage."

"What do they mean to do with their furniture and fixtures?"

"Whoever takes to the house must take to them. He puts the value down at £300, altogether; furniture, fixtures, lease, and good will; and it's not too much. One man is after it who would make a good tenant,—Mitchel."

"Mitchel!" echoed Lord Dane. "What could he do with a public house? And where's his money?"

"Your lordship is thinking of the preventive man. I mean his brother."

"Oh, ay, I forgot him. Yes, he would be a good tenant, and could pay Hawthorne the money down. Well—I leave it to you, Apperly; but let the name be submitted to me before the bargain is actually struck. I like to approve of my own tenants."

"Very well, my lord. But I suppose I may allow the negotiations with Mitchel to go on, if he and Hawthorne so will it?"

"Yes, yes," returned his lordship, "I could have no objection to Mitchel. A respectable man; a very respectable man is Mitchel."

"And at what hour shall I return with the will?" inquired Mr. Apperly. "Three o'clock? four o'clock?"

"Any hour. You won't find me gone out," responded Lord Dane, with a joking smile.

"Then I'll say three," said Mr. Apperly, "and bid your lordship good day, now, hoping my visit has not fatigued you."

LADY ADELAIDE'S ARRIVAL AT DANESHELD HALL.

He had quitted the room, when Lord Dane's bell rang a hasty peal. It was to recall him.

"Apperly," cried his lordship, "I do feel somewhat fatigued, not so well as I did when you came in, and think it may be better to put off the business till to-morrow. It's not well for me to attempt too much in one day.—Be here with the will at eleven in the morning."

And the lawyer, with a bow of acquiescence, turned and went out again.

When he reached home, John Mitchel was waiting to see him, the man who wished to take to the Sailor's Rest.

"Hawthorne and I have come to terms, sir," where the words with which he accosted Mr. Apperly; "and we shall want you to make out the agreement and transfer. I don't care how soon it's done."

"All very fine, my good man," returned the lawyer, who, lawyer like, chose to throw difficulties in the way, though none really existed, "but there's a third party to be consulted in this affair, besides you and Hawthorne. And that's Lord Dane."

"I feel sure his lordship will accept me readily," returned the man. "He could not find a surer tenant; you know he could not, Mr. Apperly."

"*I have nothing to say against you, Mitchel; there's no doubt his lordship might* get many a worse. Well, I'll see about it in a few days."

"But—if you could manage it, sir—we should like the deeds drawn out immediately. *I want to take possession next week, and Hawthorne wants to be rid of it.*"

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Mr. Apperly, "you can't take a bull by the horns in that way. Some men are six months getting into a house. I am busy to day; and I shall be busy to-morrow; but you may come in again the next morning. Meanwhile, I'll contrive to see Lord Dane."

"I daresay, sir," returned Mitchel, looking hard at Mr. Apperly, "you might accept me now, if you would. It's not altogether that I am in so great a hurry to get into the house; it is Hawthorne who is in haste to get out of it; but what I want is, to make sure that I shall have it—that I shan't be put aside for another. I'd pay this, freely, to secure it, sir."

He laid down a £5 note. Five pound notes had charms for Mr. Apperly like they have for all men, lawyers in particular. He looked at it complacently; but, true still to his craft, he would not speak the word positive.

"I have some power vested in me, Mitchel, certainly, and believe I can promise that you shall become the tenant. Subject, you understand, to the consent of Lord Dane."

"Of course, Mr. Apperly. Then it is a settled thing, for I know, his lordship won't object to me. So I'll say good-morning and thank you, sir.

"And step in the day after to-morrow, in the forenoon, Mitchel. As to this," added the lawyer, carelessly popping the note inside his desk, "it can go into the costs."

But there was to be acting and counteracting. Somewhere about the same hour that Mitchel paid his visit to Mr. Apperly, Richard Ravensbird paid one at Mr. Geoffry Dane's. The latter looked exceedingly surprised to see him, if not annoyed.

"Sir," began Ravensbird, without any circumlocution, "report runs that, now you are the heir, my lord leaves many points of business, relating to the estate, entirely in your hands. I have come to ask your interest and influence to get me accepted as tenant of the Sailor's Rest."

He spoke fearlessly, not at all as a petitioner, more as though he were making a demand. A remarkably independent man was Richard Ravensbird.

"What! are *you* after the Sailor's Rest?" exclaimed Mr. Dane. "I have heard a dozen names mentioned; but not yours. The man most likely to have it, they say, is Mitchel."

"I have not been after it with a noise, like the rest have, sir, but as soon as I found it was to let, I spoke privately to Hawthorne. I must do something for a living, and have been looking out ever since I left the castle in the spring."

"Then you don't intend to go to service again?"

"Service!" returned Ravensbird. "Who would engage me, after having been taken up on a charge of murdering my former master? There may be some, Mr. Herbert—I beg your pardon, sir, I ought to say Mr. Dane—who don't yet believe me innocent. Not that that's the reason; I never did intend to enter upon another service, if I left Captain Dane's. The Sailor's Rest is just such a house as I should like; will you help me to it, sir?"

"Ravensbird," said Mr. Dane, not replying to his request, "it appears strange to me that you should remain in Danesheld. You have no ties in it; until you came here with your master you were a stranger to it; had a like cloud fallen upon me, however unjustly, I should be glad to get away from the place."

"No, sir," answered Ravensbird, in a quiet, concentrated tone, "I prefer to stay in it."

"To enter upon the Sailor's Rest will require money," again objected Mr. Dane.

"I am prepared with that. I have not lived to these years without saving up money. *That* won't be the bar—as Hawthorne knows. He has been shilly shallying, has Hawthorne," continued Ravensbird. "I knew of his intention to leave the house as soon as he did, for he read the letter from Australia to me when it came, lodging with them, as I do, and I spoke up at once, and said I would take the house off his hands. He quite jumped at it, was all eagerness *to transfer it to me*, but in a day or two his tone changed, and he has been vacillating between me and John Mitchel."

"Why did he change? Do you know?"

"Yes: and I have no objection to say," answered Ravensbird. "A crotchet came over him that I might not be an acceptable tenant to my lord, who still wavers as to my guilt, or nonguilt."

"My lord does not waver; he believes you guilty," was on the tongue of Geoffry Dane: but he checked the words, and suffered Ravensbird to continue.

"It is scarcely likely that any reasonable man can believe me to have been the assailant, in the face of the sworn alibi, so why should his lordship nourish a prejudice against me? Will you accept me as tenant, Mr. Dane?"

"I have no power to do so: you have taken up a wrong notion altogether. I certainly have transacted business for my uncle, since I have stood, as may be said, in Mr. Geoffry Dane's *place*; but he has not given me authority to let his houses."

"Will you speak to him for me, sir?"

Mr. Dane hesitated.

"I would speak in a minute, Ravensbird, but I am sure it would be doing no good. Apart from any prejudice he may—or may not—hold against you, he is one who will not brook interference, even from me."

"You might *try*," persisted the man: "whatever the result should be."

"Will you undertake not to be disappointed at the result? Did it lie with me, it would be a different matter: but it lies entirely with Lord Dane."

There was a pause. Ravensbird stood in silence, as if still awaiting an answer, his piercing eyes never moving from those of Mr. Dane.

"However, as you seem to set upon it, I will speak to his lordship," resumed the latter. "But I must choose my time: it is not every day that he will allow business matters to be so much as named."

"If it is not settled between now and to-morrow night, John Mitchel will have the place," rejoined Ravensbird, almost fiercely.

"Then I will speak to his lordship in the morning," concluded Geoffry Dane.

CHAPTER X.

THE DAMP FLAGS. THE BRIDE COMING HOME.

A junket was being held in the housekeeper's parlor at Dane Castle, by the upper servants, who had invited a few friends to pass the evening. There was nothing very wrong in it; servants like moments of revelry just as much as their betters, and it would be unreasonable to say they should never enjoy them, provided they keep within bounds. Of all people in the world, who should have been smuggled into the castle, one of the guests, but Richard Ravensbird! The servants did not share in the prejudice of their lord; they believed his innocence to be an established fact, and deemed him an ill-used man. Perhaps Sophie's eloquent tongue had contributed to help them to this conviction. Wine, and biscuit, and cold punch, and rich cake, and fruit, and even ices were on the table, with other nice things; for the servants of the English nobility know what's good; and laughter and merriment reigned around.

Paying great attention to a smart damsel—smart *there* and with a face smoothed to smiles, but who was no other than Tiffie—was the valet of Lord Dane; an old beau who had been in search of a wife (as *he* said) the last ten years, but had not found one to his mind. He was plying Tiffie with wine, cake, and soft speeches, when Mr. Bruff suddenly interrupted the flirtation, and recalled the valet to his duty.

"Is it not time that you should just step up stairs, and see if my lord requires anything?"

"My lord is sure to be sleeping still," was the reply of the valet, "otherwise he would have rung. It's bad for him, this going to sleep at dusk, because it spoils his night's rest; but he will yield to it. Besides, my

Lady Adelaide is sitting in the room. Let me alone for not neglecting my lord, Mr. Bruff."

"I wonder the young lady likes to pass her evenings in a sick chamber," grunted Tiffie.

"I know why *I* think she chooses it," responded the castle's housekeeper, dropping her voice, "and that's for the sake of company. My lord in his sick bed is better than none. My opinion is, that she's frightened to sit alone in this great house. What she saw, or what she didn't see, that dreadful night by the ruins, I don't know; but it's certain that nobody was ever so changed in the space of time, as is Lady Adelaide."

"My faith!" ejaculated Sophie, jumping out of her chair, "if my lady didn't tell me to take her a shawl, for she felt chill, and that's an hour ago! What's my head worth?"

"And that's another odd thing," continued the housekeeper, as Sophie flew from the room—

"My young lady's feeling chill, these hot nights, as soon as dusk comes on. Take her altogether, she's just as if she had some dreadful secret within her to weigh her down."

Sophie had gone from the room quick enough; but not half as quickly as she burst into it, on her return. The assembled party gazed at her in amazement, for she was evidently under the influence of some great terror, which had taken away her self-possession, and turned her face white.

"Who is in the death room?" she panted.

"The death-room!" echoed Bruff, "why, nobody. It's locked up safe. What superstitious fancy is coming over you now, Mam'selle Sophie?"

"It's not locked up. The door's ajar."

"It is locked up," persisted Bruff. "The key's hanging in my pantry."

"I did not notice the door as I went by it," began Sophie, in explanation, "and my belief is, that it was then shut; otherwise I should never have had courage to go by it, and up stairs into the rooms by myself. But when I came back there, it was ajar. My patience! didn't I scutter on to you, my legs shaking as if they'd drop."

"Of all fanciful creatures, Mam'selle Sophie's the worst—seeing ghosts where there are none," testily exclaimed the butler, who had a prejudice against jokes or tales being passed on the death-room. "The door's no more open than this door's open; and, to convince you, I'll go to my pantry and get the key."

He opened the door as he spoke and departed. Sophie nodding her head after him in scornful incredulity.

"If he finds the key there, I'll eat it," quoth she.

"Did you take the shawl to Lady Adelaide?" questioned the housekeeper.

"What should hinder me, when I went to do it?" returned the saucy Sophie. "My lady was asleep."

"Asleep!"

"Gone off right into a doze in the easy chair. So I threw the shawl lightly on her knees, and came away."

"And my lord?" put in the valet, "was he asleep still?"

"For all I know. I didn't go as far as the bed. Little doubt that he was asleep, or else he'd have spoken."

At this moment Bruff returned, with a softened step and softened voice, his countenance wearing a look of perplexity.

"It's very odd," cried he, "the key's *not* in the pantry."

"So, it's Sophie that sees ghosts where there are none, and fancies doors open when they're not, and keys are in them when they're safe in their pantries!" retorted that demoiselle upon Bruff, in a tone of aggravation. "Perhaps if you go and look at the death-room, you'll find that it *is* open."

"I am going there," was the reply of Bruff. "That key is under my sole charge, and it is as much as a servant's place is worth, to take it from its hook. Whichever of them has dared to do it, shall pay the penalty."

"I wish you'd illow me to accompiny you, Mr. Bruff," simpered Tiffie. "I have heard much of the death-room in Dane Castle, and have long had a curiosity to see it."

"There's nothing to see," returned Bruff; "it's a stone room, empty of furniture. But you are welcome to go, if you wish to."

"Will nobody else come!" asked Tiffie, looking round with a simper. "There's safety in numbers, you know."

Example is contagious, and every one present rose to follow Tiffie and Bruff, even the scared Sophie.

Sophie was right. The door of the death-room was open—ajar, as she had termed it—and the key in the lock. But not a soul was inside the chamber. Bruff was ready to explode with indignation; that one or more of the under servants had surreptitiously obtained the key, either from the mischievous motive of annoying him, or to awaken superstitious alarm in the castle, he had no doubt, and he determined, if possible, to pounce upon the offenders.

"Why, it's nothing but a big, square dreary room, with high windows, and nothing in it!" ejaculated Tiffie, ranging her eyes around in disappointment.

"I told you there was nothing in it," said the butler. "What did you expect to see?"

Perhaps Tiffie had expected to see something in the middle, upon trestles, for she looked vexed and sour.

"I wouldn't mind going by this here room fifty times over, when the bell was tolling midnight," cried she, with a contemptuous glance at Sophie. "There's nothing here to squawk at. Where does that place lead to?"

"That's a closet," said the butler.

"What's inside of it?" demanded Tiffie.

"A pair of trestles," he replied, in a low tone.

"Oh. Could we have a look at 'em?"

"No, Mrs. Tiffie," he gravely answered. "That closet is never opened but when—when it's needful to open it."

"Well, it's a nasty cold, dismal place!" retorted Tiffie, "not worth the coming to see. And how damp the floor is!"

The last remark caused them all to cast their eyes downwards, upon the flags. They were damp in places; capriciously damp, one might feel inclined to say; quite wet in parts, quite dry in others.

"What sort of flooring d'ye call this?" inquired Tiffie, when her eyes had taken in the effect. "Some stones give with the damp, and some don't, that is well known, but here the same stone—lots of 'em—is half wet and half dry. And whoever saw flags damp on a hot summer's night, with the weather set in for a regular drought?"

No reply was made to Tiffie. The servants were looking on the floor in ominous dismay, for the superstition relating to it was rife among them.

"It's a sign that this room won't be long without a tenant," whispered the ever-ready Sophie. "My lord—"

"We have had quite enough nonsense for one night, mam'selle," interposed the butler, taking her sharply up. "My lord's better, and I hope he'll live many a month, yet."

"I hope he will," returned the persistent Sophie. "But I have heard the Danes themselves say that this floor doesn't go damp for nothing. Ill luck seems to be upon the family this year. After the captain and Mr. Geoffry went, I said there'd be another death, making the third—"

"And there was another—my lady's," broke in the irritated butler. "And, according to your theory, there it ought to stop. Pray what version would you give us, should a fourth take place?" he cynically added.

"A fourth," debated Sophie, "well, I should say, if a fourth takes place, it would go on then to six; three and three. But death generally stops with the third."

A smile went round at Sophie's "three and three," but the butler did not vouchsafe further reply. Ravensbird had taken no part in the conversation; his attention had been fully occupied with the apartment.

"I never was here before," he remarked; "and yet the room seems familiar to me. Where, how, and when can I have seen it."

"In a dream, perhaps," suggested Tiffie. "Strange things do come to us in dreams."

There was nothing attractive in the room to detain them, now that their curiosity was gratified, and they filed out of it. Mr. Bruff locked the door, and took possession of the key, with an air which seemed to promise that it did not get out of his keeping again. As he turned from the door, the others being by that time nearly at the end of the long passage, he saw something white gliding swiftly down it. To his intense surprise, he recognized Lady Adelaide. Her face wore a gray hue, and she positively laid hold of Bruff's arm, as if impelled by fear.

"Bruff! Bruff! something's the matter with Lord Dane," she shivered. "He looks—he looks—I don't know how he looks."

"Oh, my lady! you should not have given yourself this trouble. Why did you not ring?"

"I was frightened to remain alone," she whispered. "I dropped asleep, and when I woke, I rose to look at Lord Dane, wondering that he had not spoken or called. He was lying with his mouth open, and his face white and cold; its look terrified me."

"Perhaps he has fainted, my lady. He did have fainting fits at the commencement of his illness."

"Bruff," she gasped, bursting into tears of nervous agitation, "it—looks—like—death."

Plenty of attendants, male and female, were soon around Lord Dane's bedside, *from* within the castle or summoned from without. Mr. Wild, the surgeon; Geoffry Dane; and—he had heard the rumor accidentally—Mr. Apperly.

Lord Dane was dead. He had died quietly in his bed without stir or sign, while the Lady Adelaide was in his room, not four yards from him, unconsciously sleeping. She kept shivering as she stood there now with the rest, looking on.

"Can *nothing* be done?" demanded the petrified household of Mr. Wild.

"Nothing whatever. He has been gone some time. Don't you see that he is already becoming rigid? One comfort is, he went off in his sleep, and did not suffer. I have thought this might probably be the ending."

"Then I wonder you didn't tell him so, Wild," burst forth Mr. Apperly, in a hot tone of reproof. "It was only this very morning his lordship said to me that he was not a subject to go off like the snuff of a candle."

"And why should I tell him? He was prepared for death; he knew it was coming, was very near; wherefore tell him that it might be sudden at the last?"

"No, he was not prepared for death," returned the lawyer, in a heat; "not in one sense. He had not settled his affairs."

The announcement took all by surprise. He, Lord Dane, with his protracted illness, not to have settled his affairs! Geoffry Dane smiled incredulously.

"Mr. Apperly, you must be mistaken. My uncle made his will when he was first recovering from his accident."

"I know he did; I drew it up for him; but he had a wife and children then. After they were gone, that will was of little use, and it was cancelled. The second will has been drawn up this fortnight past, waiting for the signature. Upon what chance pivots things turn!" broke off the lawyer. "His lordship sent for me this morning, and appointed this afternoon for the execution. Then, feeling fatigued, said he would put it off till eleven o'clock to-morrow. And now he is gone, and the will is worth so much waste paper!"

"Wanting the signature?"

"Wanting the signature," assented Mr. Apperly. "You will be the better for it," he added, looking at Geoffry Dane, "but others will be the worse. It's a dangerous habit, is procrastination; I don't know anything I dislike more."

"My lord, do you remain in the castle?" inquired the housekeeper, as they were beginning to desert the chamber.

Some of them started and looked at her.—They thought she spoke to the dead lord who lay there. But no, she was addressing Geoffry now Lord Dane.

"Yes," he replied; "it will, I suppose, be better that I should."

Ere the words had well left his lips, his eyes fell on Lady Adelaide—on her look of embarrassment and her glow of color.

"Not to-night, however," he added, turning to the housekeeper. "I will see about arrangements to-morrow."

In the corridor Adelaide encountered Mr. Lester, who had that instant arrived, Tiffie having carried home the news of Lord Dane's sudden death. Without allowing herself time for reflection, for thought, she spoke—words that came uppermost in the impulse of the moment.

"What am I to do now? where can I go? I will not remain in the castle, now Geoffry Dane is its master."

"My dearest Adelaide, why this emotion?—In a few days you know that you will be leaving it for another home—I hope a happier one."

"But for those few days?—I cannot be the guest of Geoffry Dane! And how can the marriage take place, right upon Lord Dane's funeral?" was her impulsive retort.

Mr. Lester paused before he spoke.

"There is one way, Adelaide, by which to solve the difficulty, if you will consent. Be mine to-morrow. We can be married in private in this drawing room."

The proposition nearly took away what little sense Lady Adelaide at the moment possessed. She made no reply.

"The license, which I already have, is special, so on that score there will be no impediment," pleaded Mr. Lester. "Adelaide, my darling, let it be so! give me a legal right to protect you in this emergency. I know that Lord Dane, could he be a party to my petition, would urge it as strennously as I am doing."

"But—to leave the place at this moment—to go on a marriage journey while he is lying dead—what will the world say?"

"We can dispense with the journey, Adelaide. You must quit this house, and come to mine. See you not that it is the better—nay, almost the only plan to adopt, under the unhappy circumstances?"

"Oh, I do not know. It is so sudden—and I am too bewildered to give proper deliberation to it. Let it rest until morning; I shall be more collected then."

As Geoffry Dane—Lord Dane from henceforth—was departing from the castle, there stepped forth to meet him Richard Ravensbird. It appeared as though he had waited outside for the purpose.

"I must ask your pardon for interrupting you now, my lord; at such a moment, especially on business," he began.

"Well?" said Lord Dane.

"And I should not have thought of doing so, but I find there's not an hour to be lost.—It's about the Sailor's Rest, my lord. John Mitchel has been announcing that he has agreed with Mr. Apperly for the lease, subject to the consent of Lord Dane. *You* are Lord Dane now, my lord."

There was a peculiar significance in the tone of Ravensbird as he spoke the concluding sentence; a bold, independent, almost a demanding tone. Was it possible that Lord Dane failed to remark it?

"And you think I can grant you the lease?"

"Yes, my lord. And I hope you will."

"Enough, for to-night," curtly responded Lord Dane. "This is certainly not the moment for the discussion of business matters."

Ravensbird respectfully touched his hat, and strode away quietly towards Daneshold. Lord Dane also proceeded in the same direction, but at a slower pace. As he was turning towards his own house, he heard footsteps behind, and found they were Mr. Apperly's, who had remained in the castle a few minutes longer than himself.

"A dreadfully sad and sudden event, my lord!" cried the lawyer. "And to think that he should not have signed the will!"

"It has shocked me much," replied Lord Dane, turning upon him his pale face, unnaturally pale it looked in the starlight. "Although we could not expect him to be much longer with us."

"I shall require instruction from your lordship upon different points," returned Mr. Apperly. "When will it be convenient—"

"I shall be at the castle to-morrow at ten," interrupted Lord Dane. "Meet me there. And meanwhile, until I shall have gone into things, let any little business matters you may have in hand, relating to the estate, rest in abeyance. Granting leases, or any thing of that sort."

"Very good, my lord. Not that anything much is in hand just now. There's that trifling affair of the Sailor's Rest: Hawthorne and Mitchel both want it got over as speedily as pens can trace parchment. Lord Dane had no objection to Mitchel as its tenant: your lordship, I conclude, will have none."

"Lord Dane's death puts a stop to negotiations for the present," was the somewhat sharp answer. "Let everything, I say, remain in abeyance."

Mr. Apperly nodded acquiescence, wished the new peer good night, and left him. "He'll be a martinet, unless I am mistaken," was his parting thought.

It was dusk, and the following evening; nay, dark; as dark as we get the summer nights, when ten o'clock is drawing on. Miss Bordillion was seated alone in the handsome drawing-room of Daneshold Hall, her head running upon many things. A shadow of relief—it would be wrong to call it hope—had arisen in her heart since she heard of Lord Dane's death, for she deemed that it would undoubtedly put the wedding off for some weeks, if not longer, and there was no immediate necessity to worry her poor sad brain over her own plans for the future.

She was interrupted by the approach of a carriage, which was coming hastily towards the Hall. It surprised her: they were expecting no visitors, and it was an unusual hour for visitors to come, unexpected. As it swept round the drive, past the windows, she thought she recognized it for Mr. Lester's own chariot, and she wondered, for she had not observed him go out in it. One of the servants bustled in hurriedly, to light the chandelier, and the mantle-piece branches.

"Has your master been out?" she inquired of the man. "I thought he was at the castle."

"He has not been elsewhere, I believe, ma'am. This is him, coming from the castle now."

The man retired. A few moments, and the door was thrown open by another servant, to give admission to Mr. Lester and Lady Adelaide. Miss Bordillion rose from her seat, gazing at Adelaide: had it been the Queen of England who entered, it could not have caused her more intense astonishment. She stood as one petrified.

"How do you do, Miss Bordillion?"

She held out her hand, while Mr. Lester was taking her shawl from her shoulders, and Margaret touched it mechanically, in utter amazement. Lady Adelaide wore an evening dress of white silk, plain, save for a little lace on its body and sleeves, a pearl necklace, white gloves, and no bonnet. Round the plat of her hair behind, was a small wreath of flowers: had Miss Bordillion looked closely, she would have seen that they were orange blossoms. But she was too bewildered to look or to think: why should Lady Adelaide have come there, then, in evening dress? Why should she have laid aside her deep mourning? The true cause never was so much as glanced at by the unhappy Margaret.

Lady Adelaide stood right under the rays of light from the chandelier, rays that but illumined her great beauty. Never had it been more radiant, for her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her eyes were brilliant with excitement.

"It is scarcely fair to take the house by storm in this way, is it, Miss Bordillion? But I believe there was no help for it."

What Miss Bordillion answered, she never knew. Rarely had she been scared so entirely out of her self-possession.

"Would you like tea immediately, Adelaide?" interposed Mr. Lester.

"Oh, yes."

Margaret muttered some half intelligible words about "telling the servants to bring it," and escaped from the room. But she had not quitted it above a minute when she remembered that there were sundry toys strewn on one of the sofas, which the children had left there when they went to bed, not particularly ornamental to a drawing-room: and she turned back to get them.

She opened the door softly, for she did not care that they should take notice of her re entrance. The sofa was close at hand, and she thought she could scramble up the things, and escape again. But her footsteps were arrested on the very threshold. Mr. Lester stood with his back to her, his tall form, handsome in its strength, bending over another which he had gathered to him. Her flushed cheek lay on his breast, and he was murmuring endearing words: words of welcome to the house, they seemed, for their sense partially struck on Margaret's ear.

Forgetting the toys, closing the door still more softly than she had opened it, Margaret Bordillion sped away, her face grey and stony with its bitter agony. Turning an angle of the hall, into a narrow passage, she met Tiffie, and the French maid, Sophie. Tiffie glanced out of her cunning eyes, and spoke abruptly.

"What ever's the matter, Miss Bordillion? You look as *if you'd* been shook in the mind. *Are you ill, ma'am?*"

Miss Bordillion rallied herself. "Ill! why should you think that? I am very well. Mr. Lester is asking for tea, Tiffie."

"To think of this happening as it has!" continued Tiffie, standing right in front of Miss Bordillion, so that the latter could not conveniently pass. "The house not properly set in order, nor anything: but it's not my fault, as her ladyship must know. It's as much as we've been able to do, to get her rooms ready for to-night—leastways, master's rooms, which is the same thing now."

"Has Lady Adelaide come here to remain the night?" hastily inquired Margaret, more bewildered, more at sea than ever. "Here! in Mr. Lester's house?"

"My lady's come for good, ma'am; come home," responded Tiffie, winking and blinking as if the lamp near her dazzled her eyes, though in reality never taking them off Miss Bordillion's changing countenance. "She and master have just been married in the grand saloon at the castle, and he has brought her home. Sophie's come with her."

The unhappy lady did not faint at the news. She only felt that her face grew more ghastly, and she took a step backward to the wall, and leaned against it.

"Yes," she constrained her dry lips to say, making a poor effort to smile on Sophie.

"You see, miss, my lord's death last night put things about so contrarily," spoke up that demoiselle. "The new lord takes up his abode at the castle to-day, and my lady preferred to leave it. The ceremony was to have taken place this afternoon, but the minister—or what you call your English priests—he was away, and could not be had till evening. She has been dressed as she is now since three o'clock, waiting for him. And they were not quite certain that he could be found before to-morrow."

"And that's what master must have meant, then, when he said he was not sure," resumed Tiffie to Miss Bordillion. "He came home—well, it must have been near four o'clock, and told me about setting his own rooms in order: but I was to hold my tongue about it to everybody in the Hall, he said, for he was not yet sure whether they would be required to-night, or not, for Lady Adelaide. Fancy, Mam'selle Sophie, the scuffle it put me and the housemaids in!"

Miss Bordillion succeeded in getting by, and gained her own chamber. "Married! married!" seemed to be perpetually ringing in her ears.

The next day, not by her own wish, indeed in express opposition to it, for she sat in her small sitting-room, and kept the children with her, Miss Bordillion encountered Lady Adelaide. She was whisking through the hall as swiftly as possible, when she came right upon her and Mr. Lester. Lady Adelaide wore no gloves now, and the wedding-ring was fully conspicuous, as her fair hand rested on the arm of her husband. She had resumed her deep mourning attire.

"Well, Margaret!" gaily cried he. "Where have you been hiding all the morning?"

With as hurried a greeting as she could in politeness give, Miss Bordillion quitted them. But every hour she remained in that house would only be prolonged torture, and ere the day was over a message was despatched to Mr. Lester—"Miss Bordillion requested five minutes' conversation with him."

He went up at once to her sitting-room, and she hurriedly, abruptly, unfolded to him her plans. She would hire of him that small house of his that was vacant, Cliff Cottage, if he would let it her: and there she would take up her abode with Edith. Major Bordillion would be glad that she should take charge of her as a regular thing, and would pay her well. Perhaps he—Mr. Lester—would also let her have Maria: with this help and her own income she could maintain a home.

"Margaret, why?" he inquired. "What urgent motive can you have, for thus flying from the Hall? Will you not tell it me?"

Tell it him! The painful crimson suffused her face, and then left it pale as marble. Did he suspect the truth, as he gazed upon her emotion? It cannot be said: but an answering rush of red came into and dyed his own face, and he uttered not one other word of opposition to her departure.

Cliff Cottage was hastily arranged for occupation, and furnished; and Miss Bordillion, within a fortnight, had taken possession of it, with Edith and Maria. Her home was henceforth to be theirs—at any rate for the present—and she would superintend their education. Another removal—or, it may be more correct to say, change—took place in the same week, in regard to the tenancy of the Sailor's Rest. Hawthorne and his wife quitted it, and Richard Ravensbird entered upon it: for—very much to the surprise of the neighborhood, very much to the inward wrath of Mr. Apperly, who would have to refund the £5 note—the new peer had accepted Ravensbird as tenant, and declined Mitchel.

"Much good Ravensbird would do in it—he'd got no wife!" was one of the dissatisfied comments, gratuitously offered by the busy neighborhood. "Who ever heard of an inn getting along without a missis in it?"

Ravensbird soon rendered nugatory that objection, though, whether to satisfy the grumblers, or to please himself, did not appear. He constituted Sophie its mistress, by making her Mrs. Ravensbird; and Lady Adelaide Lester had to find another maid.

And for some few years after this period, no particular changes took place, therefore we need not trace them step by step. After that, changes and events came thick enough.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'BER 8, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMOVAL.

The office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to No. 319 Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets—about a square from its former location.

OUR ORCHARDS.

We see it stated that Dr. John A. Warder, the "eminent Ohio Pomologist," sums up in a recent article the prominent causes of the failure of orchards in this country, as follows:

In this essay I have passed in rapid review, with some occasional simplifications, the chief causes of the premature decay of the apple orchards, which may be attributed to a want of proper selection and preparation of the soil; to neglect of cultivation; to exhaustion of the soil; to want of manures judiciously applied, under guidance of analyses that indicate the special manure or plant food required; to excessive fruitage and early maturity of the trees; to old age; to the effects of grafting and use of bad stocks; to our breeding trees for fruit, rather than for hardiness, vigor and wood growth; to sickly sorts being propagated; to cold and sudden alternations; to excessive humidity; to diseases in the trees and fruit; to the ravages of insects of various kinds upon the trees and fruit, and, lastly, to bad and injudicious pruning.

Either Dr. Warder, or somebody else, commenting on the above, adds:—

With all these evils, to which our orchards are so generally subjected, it is not surprising that we should often find them in a state of premature decay, nor that we should hear complaints of their being no longer profitable; but who would expect a crop of corn or wheat to be remunerative under similarly unfavorable circumstances, or when subjected to such bitter neglect? No sensible farmer, surely. *Of these thirteen cases of decay, at least nine are simply due to the shiftless management of orchardists.*

And yet it remains to be a fact, that the "shiftless orchardists" of the present day take ten times more trouble with their trees than their grandfathers did, and get scarcely one-tenth as good a result.

Our grandfathers simply stuck the young trees into the ground, and never bothered their heads about them afterwards. They had good orchards, overloaded with fruit in good years, and bearing a reasonable supply even in bad seasons.

The farmers of to-day, in the *old* States, may procure the best varieties, plant with great care, institute a yearly or half-yearly examination of the trunks for worms, and bother their brains about the "confounded trees" generally, and get perhaps half a crop in good years, and none at all in bad ones.

Then some learned doctor starts up, and comforts them, as Job was comforted, with a long preachment, the sum and substance of which is that they are careless, thriftless, and expect to gather where they have not strewn. Very pleasant and just all this, doubtless.

Of all fruit trees, in the old time, the apple used to be considered the hardiest. Now even the apple is difficult to raise. A friend of ours residing in the neighborhood of this city, gives it as the result of his experience, that of *ten* young apple trees, carefully tended, he can bring *one* to a fruitful maturity. If they are not carefully tended, that one ultimately will be found missing.

It is evident that there is some one or more serious *general* causes to which the decay of our orchards is owing—and that the "thriftless management" of cultivators has very little if anything to do with it. Our own suspicions, we confess, point to the system of engrafting—and we think it worth at least a trial, to see whether good fruit cannot be produced either by omitting, or varying in some way, the present process. The only peach tree of four that we have tried to raise, which has borne even a single good peach, is a chance one that came up from the stone, and which bids fair to be a flourishing tree. If trees raised from the seed are as unreliable as they are said to be—though the grafted fruit nowadays seems to be getting almost equally unreliable—it might be worth a trial to raise trees from the suckers of good natural trees. The apple, pear and plum sucker abundantly, and trees can be readily raised from the suckers—the fruit, when the tree has not been engrafted, resembling the fruit of the original tree.

Some hold that the deterioration of the orchards results entirely from the presence of insects with which our fathers were unacquainted—but, on the other hand, the theory that the insects are about as much an effect as a cause of the ill-health of the trees, seems to have much good sense to support it.

In conclusion we may say that we would be pleased to hear from those of our readers who have given much thought to this question of the decay of our orchards, and who think they can throw any light upon the subject. Especially should we like to hear from any one who is acquainted with the processes and results of the orchardists of the old world.

THE LARCH.

We see complaints in the English papers of an extensive decay among the Larch trees. In many places, it is said, two-thirds of the Larches are exhibiting symptoms of decay—which is attributed to atmospheric influences, secret ravages of insects, and other causes. One of our own two Larches exhibited symptoms of decay a year or two ago, but we pursued the Scriptural injunction by digging around it, and supplying it with good fresh earth from the woods, and it has thrived pretty well since. The Larch is one of the most beautiful of trees, and we hope that the decay which our English friends mourn, will not cross the ocean.

A SMART COMMUNITY.—A correspondent of the Western Advocate, speaking of the City of Superior, on the western terminus of Lake Superior, says: "The location of the city is charming, superior to any on the Lake. The population is 800, subsisting mainly by selling lots to one another."

That must be a "*smart*" Western Community which can subsist by "selling lots to one another" nowadays. Some five years ago it could be done, and was done, very easily. It was the old story of the boys who made five dollars apiece by swapping jackets, over again. That time will probably come once more in a few short years, but it is not yet. Now, however, is just the time to buy property in the West—when so little is being bought—and when the worst of the hard times is over. We have little doubt that money can now be invested so that it would double itself in from three to five years.

THE ENGLISH CROPS.—Late accounts from England state that the harvest prospects are very poor indeed. The cool weather and the many rains have plunged the farming community almost into despair. The "Mark Lane Express" says "*the injury now looks irreparable.*" Even the potato crop is becoming seriously affected. On the Continent also things look rather bad for the farmer. The very last accounts, however, seem rather more favorable.

In our own country, Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and other of the Southern States have been greatly afflicted with drought, and the crops have suffered much. Taking the whole country together, however, the crops are enormous.

In view of the Southern and European deficiencies, prices will probably rule tolerably high, notwithstanding the great production.

A MONUMENT TO FULTON.—Certain citizens of New Orleans are about erecting a monument to the memory of Robert Fulton! Doubtless these gentlemen in the innocency of their hearts and of their understandings, believe that Robert Fulton, of Pennsylvania, really was the originator of the steamboat. Well, have it so, gentlemen. Posterity will find out the truth, in spite of iron and granite, and laugh at your monument as commemorative only of your own unjust ignorance.

CONSTANT LOVE.—An American gentleman, of the name of Dow, recently visited Kenilworth, England, and removed from the churchyard at that place the coffin containing the body of his wife, who died while travelling, MONTHS years ago. The coffin was placed on board an American vessel, to be reinterred at Mount Auburn. American husbands are said to be the best in the world—and we are not the person to deny it. Mrs. Dow is said to have been a very handsome woman.

MILKING COWS BY STEAM.—A gentleman named Kershaw, living near this city, has adopted Colvin's patent milking machines (recently illustrated in THE POST), and designs to have his stables so arranged as to work the machines with steam!

POLITICAL TEMPTATIONS.—Mr. Weed, of the *Albany Evening Journal*, says in a recent article:—

"There has scarcely been a session of the Legislature for more than a quarter of a century out of which, if we had chosen to do so, a large amount of money could not have been made. The refusal to do so, in many cases, like this of the Brooklyn Ferries, has subjected us to misrepresentation and assault. We have made active and influential enemies, and greatly disobliged intimate friends, by refusing, persistently for six years, to accept 50 per cent. of a claim of $1 200 000 against the State. And this 'bribe' is 'proffered' by men of the highest standing in New York. We have frequently rejected 'proffers' of large amounts of money to forego our opposition to the repeal of the Usury Laws. But, in denying emphatically—and challenging and defying our enemies to disprove our averment—that we are obnoxious to the aspersions of THE TRIBUNE, *World, Express* and *Herald* there have been Legislative measures, right in themselves, and promotive of the general welfare, in which we have had, in common with other citizens, ultimate or prospective interests. In this category belong New York City Railroads. But, the way to make money, on these questions, was in *opposing* them. The solid men of New York have paid large amounts to the 'Lobby,' for several successive years, to defeat the Railroad bills. We were offered $25,000, in 1859, to oppose City Railroads. Indeed, we could, during the last eight years, have been in the receipt of from $10,000 to $15,000 a year, for quietly opposing City Railroads."

Mr. Weed must have had quite long talks with those gentlemen, to get thus at the precise amounts which they were willing to pay him.

OUR ARTISTS.—Church, the painter of "The Heart of the Andes," and Elliott, one of the best of our portrait painters, have never been to Europe. There is always danger when an artist goes to Rome, that he will lose more than he will gain—and instead of being hereafter himself, be only some great man's shadow. It was a lucky thing for the masters of Italian art that they had to find their Italy at home. Our own sunshine is just as good for bottling in pic ures as any other—and the best part of every man's learning is that which no man has taught him.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEMESIS. "The Mills of the Gods Grind Slowly." By MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," &c. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York.

WILKINS WILDER; or, the Successful Man. By STEPHEN F. MILLER, author of "The Bench and Bar of Georgia." Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

FRENCH, GERMAN SPANISH, LATIN AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. MONTEITH, Esq. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT. By CHARLES READE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bro's, Phila.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By JACOB ABBOTT. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, and for sale by T. B Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

THE WILD SPORTS OF INDIA. By HENRY SHAKESPEAR, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Force. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B Peterson & Bro's, Phila.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY. Published (in numbers) by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York and London.

☞ We think that a man carries the borrowing principle a trifle too far when he asks us to lend him our ears.

☞ "Is your city a healthy one, sir?"—"Oh, yes; medicines are drugs there."

☞ One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

☞ Matrimonial history is a narrative of many *words*; but the story of love may be told in a few *letters!*

☞ In the olden time they had but seven wise men. Now, take men at their own value, and you won't find half that number of fools.

☞ An editor out West offers his entire establishment, subscribers' accounts, &c., for a clean shirt and a good meal of victuals. He has been trying the experiment of endeavoring to please everybody.

☞ I remember Rogers saying, "those who go to Heaven will be very much surprised at the people they find there, and very much surprised at those they do not find there."—"*Autobiographical Recollections.*" *By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A.*

☞ The Chinese sometimes condemn criminals to death by preventing sleep. The victim is kept awake by guards alternately stationed for that purpose. His sufferings last from twelve to twenty days, when death comes to his relief.

☞ The man who is one thing to-day and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell this week, while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to the other.

☞ A young girl, scarcely yet awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of love, is like a child sporting on the rippling sand of the sea, when a high tide is about coming in.

☞ No anchor, no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact. Babylon, Troy, Tyre, Palestine, and even early Rome, are passing already into fiction.—*Emerson.*

☞ THINKING CANDLE ENDS.—Dr. Johnson says, "He who drinks beer, thinks beer; and a recent writer in an English periodical, the Saturday Review, declares that those who occupy themselves with endless care for small savings, get to think candle ends" as their reward.

☞ Young Van Buren, of New Windsor, in his salutatory at the commencement of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, declared that the ladies were at the head of all science—"*Since curiosity was the mother of discovery!*"

☞ Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

☞ The London Saturday Review says:—"The difference between the two sexes may often be stated thus:—A man gives two shillings for an eighteen-penny thing he wants, and a woman gives eighteen-pence for a two-shilling thing she does not want."

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

NUMBER TWO.

BERNE, August 7, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Perhaps the most striking point about the Belgians and Swiss, to those who come among them after a lengthened residence in France, is their simplicity, good temper, and unaffected kindliness. The French possess many excellent qualities, as everybody knows, and are particularly remarkable everywhere, and under all circumstances, for their quickness, vivacity, wide-awakedness and "polish;" but ask all who have been much among them, and you will find the general verdict to be that in point of kindness they are not equal to the northern peoples, while their old politeness has so far deteriorated of late years that they bid fair to render themselves as conspicuous for the rudeness and brutality of their manners as were their forefathers for good breeding and courtesy. The more healthy appearance of the people in the region through which we have been passing, and the swarms of children to be seen in every corner, also contrast strikingly with what one sees in France. The superior cleanliness of the streets and houses is also observable.

To describe all the interesting points through which we have been on the Prussian territory, would detain me too long. I can only remark, *en passant*, the very English look which must render many things in Prussia so german, in appearance, at least, to the regards of English travellers. The fields are mostly surrounded by hedges, well cultivated, and bearing just the same crops, just the same wild flowers, as are seen in England. The people are not habited precisely as in England, but possess so much the same physiognomy and build, that they might, in nine cases out of ten, be taken for Englishmen. They are less handsome, but the type *is*, to a great extent, the same. Further in the heart of Germany, however, the type becomes heavier, the movements of the people are slower, their faces more stolid, but everywhere they manifest the same pleasant kindliness and simplicity alluded to above.

At Cologne, where the Rhine is 1,300 feet in width, and is crossed by a curious bridge of boats, we visited the glorious unfinished Cathedral, began hundreds of years ago, and still in course of construction; the famous picture of the Crucifixion, by Rubens; the singular exhibition of "relics," comprising a bit of the True Cross, a nail from the Crucifixion, and a thorn from the Crown of Thorns, the diademed skulls of the Three Kings, and an enormous collection of bones, preserved in glass cases, laid upon tables, and piled up the sides of one of the largest churches, skulls with crowns, skeleton hands and arms adorned with rings and bracelets, pieces of old dresses, locks of hair, toe nails, &c., all purporting to be the remains of the famous "eleven thousand" Virgin Missionaries who, under Saintess Ursula, were driven up the Rhine by a storm, when the Huns wanted to marry them, but the "holy girls" refusing their alliance, the Huns fell upon them and murdered them, their mythical martyrdom being declared to have taken place on the site of the church which has so long made a traffic of the legend. We also saw a most exquisite collection of paintings on glass, now exhibiting at the curious old Stadt Gaus, and *intended for the embellishment of* the new Town Hall to which the city means to treat itself some time or other; probably when it shall have finished building its wonderful "Dom." We moreover conformed to established precedent by purchasing *eau de Cologne* at the house which, out of some scores of rival establishments, appears to be the one which not only possesses the strongest claims to be considered as the legitimate heir to the mantle of the original maker, but also manufactures the best and most delectable article; and were able to appreciate the justness of Charles Lamb's inelegant but graphic statement that he had "counted in Cologne exactly two-and-twenty diverse, but equally execrable stinks."

From Cologne the railway speedily whisks you forward to the Rhine, which you cross, just above Bonn, to Koenigswurter, at the foot of the Drachenfels, where the beautiful portion of this world famed stream begins. The geology of the region is easily set forth, the banks appearing to have originally formed volcanoes, through which an inland sea subsequently burst, hollowing out the channel since occupied by the river. The history of the Rhine, too, may be summed up very briefly. "Cæsar subdued it; Charlemagne castled it; Fairies haunted it; feudal Barons plundered the traders who passed along it, and quarrelled among themselves; in the 13th century, the Hanse Towns reduced its fortresses, whose shattered walls still show where Power dwelt amidst her Passions." But of the beauty and grandeur of the Rhine, which we descended from this point, by steamer, to Mayence—that is to say, the portion which alone, of the long, devious course of this famous stream, is sufficiently fine to attract and repay a visit—what can be said that has not been said already, hundreds and thousands of times, by enraptured tourists? Between these points, the broad, swift river is, indeed, so exquisitely and magnificently beautiful, presenting such a wondrous, ever shifting panorama of vine-covered hills and verdant islands, bold rocks and romantic headlands crowned with legendary ruins, and behind and above all this, such a glorious background of distant mountains, that the eye is absolutely satiated, wearied with the lavish outpouring of a splendor and loveliness of which no words can convey any adequate idea. The transparent clearness of the river is also very remarkable, and its lovely greenish-blue tint, contrasting so finely with the silvery ripples into which it breaks on the slightest provocation; and most lovely are the lights and shadows which vary its surface, and the reflections it gives back of the noble scenery of its banks.

The view from the top of the Drachenfel, (or Dragon's Rock) is superb; the hill itself, like all those of the Rhineland, having its own tradition, which tells how, in the "old, old times," a horrible dragon took up his abode on the hill-top, destroying and devouring the country side, whenever the people about there neglected to bring him supplies of tender young maidens, whose flesh appears to have been his favorite food. The poor people were thus obliged to be constantly drawing lots, with a view to see whose daughter was next to be offered to the voracity of the monster. Things went on for some time in this dreadful way, all the young girls, for miles round, being gobbled up by the dragon, when a brave and noble maiden determined to free her country of this pest, "or perish in the attempt." Accordingly, having recited an immense number of aves and paternosters, and provided herself with a consecrated cross, she climbed the steep and rugged hill, just when the dragon was looking hungrily out of his den for the fresh victim the people were to bring him up that day. The monster was sniffing violently, in order to assure himself, through the agency of his olfactory nerves, that "fresh meat" was coming; and as soon as he began to smell the young lady, he rushed down from the brow of the hill to meet her, and eat her. But just as he, with fiery eyes, flaming nostrils, and spreading wings, had opened his horrible jaws to swallow her up, the cunning maiden stuck her consecrated cross right into the monster's distended jaws, where it stuck fast, rendering it impossible for him to close them. Besides which, the virtue of this holy symbol being too much for the monster, who was of an infernal and diabolical nature, and could not stand against the power of holy things, the cross was no sooner planted in his mouth than he turned tail, and rushing down the hill like a whirlwind, he fled away, no one knows whither, with a horrible yell, and was never more seen in those regions. After which, the whole country held a great rejoicing, and the brave knight to whom the young lady was affianced, came and built a castle on the spot from which his true love had so cleverly driven the dragon, and lived there with her in peace and happiness ever afterwards; and that this history is true is abundantly proved by the ruins of the castle which are standing there to this day. All we can say, therefore, is that, so very simple a remedy being all that was wanted to drive the dragon away, it is much to be regretted, in the interest of humanity, that it was not resorted to a good deal earlier. From the top of this lovely hill, with its gray stones, its shining woods, its flowers, and its wealth of crimson berries, you overlook an immense extent of country, on the extreme horizon of which you can, on clear days, dimly discern the huge "Dom" of Cologne, looking, with the hill on which it stands, and of which it apparently forms part, like a mountain in the far distance. Just below you are the ruins of Godesberg, on the one hand, and then on the other, the large, ancient, and still-flourishing nunnery of Nonnanwerk, on an island in the river, where the lovely lady who was betrothed to "the brave Roland," Charlemagne's heroic nephew, having received a false report of his death, had just taken the veil, when the valley echoed, from crag to crag, with the joyous, well-known music of her lover's horn! The brave Roland, thus severed from the object of his adoration, built himself a lonely tower, whose ruins are still visible, on yonder projecting rock, "Roland's perch," high up, above the convent in which his lady-love had found a living grave, and *whence he could look down* daily on the roof that covered her. There he stayed until she died; when he went off to the wars, "and fell, and wished to fall," says the legend, at the battle of Roncesvalles.

All the old Rhine-stories that one has dreamed over from one's childhood in books and pictures, recur with fresh vividness to one's memory as the ruins with which they are associated follow one another into sight. The Castles of the Cat and the Mouse, the vaulted hall of the Koenigstuhl, where are the seven stone seats on which the seven electors used to meet to discuss the affairs of the state; the "Towers of the Brothers" who fell in love with the same lady, the younger being accepted by her, only to see him go off to the Crusades, and return thence with a Greek bride, on which the noble elder brother, who had respectfully watched the deserted lady as the promised bride of the absent one, challenged him for his perfidy, when the combatants were reconciled by the pleadings of the injured lady, who then took the veil in the convent of Bornhofen, just below; the Schonberg Castle, inhabited in the tenth century by the seven beautiful sisters, the seven fascinating but cruel flirts, whose heart-breaking propensities Lulei punished by turning them into the seven great stones in the bed of the river, just below the castle, which are visible only when the water is low; and the "Mouse tower," on a little lonely island, where wicked Bishop Hatto, the hoarder of grain in the time of famine, was devoured by the mice of his own granaries;—these, and a hundred other familiar legends recur to the memory as old acquaintances when we glide along the shining river whose waters reflect their discolored and crumbling walls.

Innumerable are these picturesque relics of a warlike and troublous past, when every strong man's hand was against his neighbor, except when they combined to oppress and rob the poor, the defenceless, and the industrious; when the noble lived by the plunder of the tiller of the soil, and the master of each of these robber strongholds exacted tolls and blackmail from every trader whose boat came up or down the river. Half a dozen of these fine old masses are often in sight at once; for almost every hill-top has its ruin, while numbers of them are slowly mouldering on the banks of the stream, and even on islands in its midst, whence, in the amiable feudal days which saw them in their prime, the brigand lordlings who dwelt in them, used to stretch strong iron chains across the river to prevent any boat from going by until it had submitted to all the exactions it pleased them to impose. Dungeons, skeletons, and instruments of torture, still remain to attest the cruelties practised in "the good old times" by the swarm of "nobles" great and little, who ruled the land, with so iron a sway, for their own benefit.

But it must not be imagined that all the Rhine edifices are in ruins, though by far the greater number of them are in that predicament. Bromserburg, with its immemorial ghost, has been admirably repaired, and fitted up in the ancient style; the Rheinstein has been thoroughly and characteristically restored by the Prince of Prussia, who makes a delightful summer residence of it; the magnificent mediæval Stolzenfels, gloriously situated opposite the confluence of the lovely Lahn-river with the Rhine, and commanding some of the finest views on the latter, has been restored by the King of Prussia, who entertained Queen Victoria right royally in 1845 within its walls; some even of the older castles are inhabited; a few of the water-castles have been kept in good repair, and are now used as offices by the state; many of the convents and monasteries are still in full blast; and the best colony of forts called Ehrenbreitstein, ("the broad stone of honor") covering the lofty, rocky face of an entire hill, is an immense fortification of modern construction capable of provisioning ten thousand men for ten years!

The industry and perseverance that mark all the German races are conspicuously visible in the cultivation of the long succession of precipitous and rocky hillsides which form the banks of the Rhine. The vine is cultivated wherever it will grow, numbers of these rocky vineyards being so excessively steep that, but for the fact of the vines being there, one would have considered the site they occupy as beyond the possibilities of labor. The hills are often covered to their very tops with these almost perpendicular vineyards; the surface is cut into terraces when too steep to admit of cultivation in any other way; and one rocky mountain side is pointed out, the vines on which are rooted in baskets of earth carried up by the peasants, and secured by them in the crannies and crevices of its granite surface. The vine is proverbially capricious; it will flourish on one side of a hill and refuse to grow on the other, and while prospering on a given point to the heart's content of its owner, will utterly refuse to exist on apparently similar ground a few feet off. The Rhine-banks, whenever the vine will not grow, are covered with wheat, barley, potatoes, &c.; plantations of trees, and bits of forest are also to be seen, but these are the exception, while cultivation is the rule. The Rhine vineyards, like those of France, are not particularly pretty to look at, not possessing a tithe of the beauty of an English hop field. The vines are only allowed to attain the height of at most, four feet, and are tied to short poles, being pruned away. Their color is rich; but, being planted closely in rows, the appearance of a vineyard, at a distance, is very similar to that of a potato field as seen close by.

Many of these vineyards—as for instance the gentle and gracefully-swelling hill Johannisberg, which produces the famous vine of that name—are of immense value. That of Johannisberg, the property of the Prince von Metternich, is one of the most valuable, yielding an enormous annual income to its owner. The Prince has a fine chateau on the summit of the hill, overlooking the river, and the cellars in which the wine is stored run out under nearly the whole hill.

In the eyes of their possessors these vineyards are no doubt sufficiently charming; and though less attractive to mere gazers, the mass of greenery furnished by a long succession of vineyards, is very pleasing in point of color. But what struck us as particularly beautiful on these hanging Rhine-banks were the patches of barley so frequently intermixed with the other crops, and contrasting so delightfully *with them both in color—for the barley was* almost ripe—and also in their peculiar delicacy and softness of surface, an appearance which was neither velvetty nor feathery, nor flecky, but more like that of long, fine, soft hair, or very light, silky wool. So very beautiful was *the effect of these patches, beheld at such an* unwonted height, and at such singular angles, that, as we glided on beneath these hillside fields, I arrived at the decided conviction that I had never really "seen" barley before!

Coblentz and Mayence are large and important towns, doing much business, and offering many subjects of interest to those who visit them in person, and can examine their old cathedrals and houses, still in excellent preservation, but, beyond their position on the magnificent river which washes their walls, they possess nothing for description.

At the latter point the special beauty of the Rhine ceases; and we accordingly abandoned the river for the rail. Before long, the tourist will have the choice of these two modes of travelling throughout the entire length of the Prussian Rhine; the line, now in course of construction, follows the edge of the river, to the picturesqueness of whose left bank it will certainly be no improvement, though the scenery is too grand for its effect to be seriously impaired even by the presence of the very prosaic concomitants of a railway.

The Prussian railways are capitally managed, and have cost enormous sums to construct, owing to the number and length of the tunnels necessitated by the mountainous nature of the country through which they pass. The tunnel at Horrera is no less than 5,300 feet long; while many others are as long, and even longer.

The country through which we passed, on our way from Mayence to Bale, is admirably beautiful. The mountains of the Vosges, and the Rhine-hills, are in view on either side; and the lovely wooded slopes that mark the edge of the romantic region of the Black Forest, are so seductively charming that you are constantly tempted whenever the train stops at a new station, to make an end of your journey then and there, and spend the rest of your holiday in exploring the beauties of that particular spot. The glimpses thus obtained of the lateral valleys, with their woods, waterfalls, mountains, and villas, seem to inspire all who see them with a determination to come back at some future time, and indemnify themselves for present privation by spending a month or two at the various gathering-places, so renowned for their beauty and their waters, which every year draw such crowds of visitors from every corner of Europe to the region we are hurrying through.

Bale, or Basel, as it calls itself, is a large, ancient town, planted on the very brink of the river, of which, and of the surrounding country, it enjoys magnificent views, which embrace the summits both of the Alps and of the Jura. A more lovely scene than that on which you look down from the terrace behind its old and handsome cathedral it would be hard to find. The terrace is planted with chestnuts and lindens, and forms a loitering place for the towns people. This terrace surmounts a lofty mass of stone, partly natural rock, partly masonry, at the foot of which lies the older quarter of the town. Large and handsome houses extend along this elevation on both sides of the cathedral, and, with their curious fronts, vast windows, and terraced gardens, enjoy the unimpeded view of all the loveliness of the region. The river, which nearly encircles the town, makes a broad fall below the terrace, its course becoming more and more rapid, its waters greener and clearer, and showing a more silvery splash and sparkle, as we ascend it. Here, under a burning and dazzling sun, the river shows like a vast emerald, flecked with diamonds; beyond it are verdant fields, upward sloping, dotted over with villages, woods, and country-houses, and beyond these rise the snowy peaks of the Bernese Highlands.

As we sat under the shade of the trees on the "Cathedral Plats," to enjoy the glorious view spread out before us, I was much amused at the contrast between the manner of two women who were there, walking up and down under the trees, each with a very young child on her arm. One of them was a middle-aged, decent-looking woman, who kept gazing on the face of the child she was carrying with a proud and enraptured expression of countenance that was exceedingly eloquent, stopping every now and then in her sauntering walk, to bend over the little thing, and kiss it under the broad flapping brim of her great straw hat. She was presently joined by a good, honest-looking laboring man, apparently her husband, who looked down upon the little sleeper, and kissed it, as it lay on the woman's arm, with a delight and admiration equal to her own; and there the pair stood, so absorbed in their contemplation of the baby that they seemed absolutely unconscious of everything else. It was evidently their first child; and, in their eyes, a paragon.

The other woman was much younger, smart, and rather pretty, and as evidently a mere nursemaid, as the other was evidently a mother. The baby she carried had on a handsome muslin frock, trimmed with lace, and satin ribands in its cap; a fine, rosy little creature, and sleeping like a top, as its nurse trotted it carelessly about in the shade of trees, never looking at it, and taking no more notice of its existence than as though it had been a basket of eggs or potatoes. The utter carelessness and indifference of the girl's manner towards the child which was not hers, seemed almost comic in contrast with the impassioned tenderness and admiration of the parents of the other baby.

You cannot turn into any corner of Bale without coming upon "bits" of street architecture that would furnish subjects for delightful photographs. The houses are large, gabled, with great doors, usually arched, and where inhabited by more than one family, with a bell handle hanging outside for each. The ground-floor is, in humbler houses, made a sort of repository for carts, wheelbarrows, brooms, sieves, and miscellaneous objects of the useful kind; in the handsomer ones, which are usually tenanted by a single family, the vast entrance upon which the house door opens is converted into a hall, furnished with chairs and sofas, pictures, antique looking carved cabinets, while rifles and fishing-tackle occupy the corners. *In one of these entrances, into which I took the liberty of peeping* through the fanciful arabesques of open work, in iron, let into some of its panels, apparently with a view to giving more air, I was amused to see sundry great clothes-baskets full of clean clothes, evidently wanting "mending," while *children's hats and coats hung from the walls, or* lay about upon tables, and gave a very home-like look to the apartment, in spite of its pictures, its comfortable seats, and its handsome chandelier. It was very early in the day, and a broom lying across the stairs showed that the work of sweeping and putting in order had yet to be done; and the baskets of socks and pinafores no doubt disappeared with the broom. Among the Swiss there are still many ancient families who cling to their old titles, but these, having lost their estates, are generally poor, and without influence. But many of those who have addicted themselves to trade have amassed large fortunes; and of the merchant princes of Basel, several are reputed to possess between one and two millions sterling. These families possess very large and handsome houses, some of them containing as many as forty bedrooms; but they all appear to live in a style of primitive simplicity. They give family feasts and balls during the winter, to which they invite all their kith and kin, to the remotest degree of ascertainable consanguinity; but seem scarcely ever to invite their acquaintances to these gatherings, to which only a very few of their most intimate friends are admitted. Last winter, however, a rich merchant gave a ball, to which he invited two hundred and fifty persons. His own parlors not being large enough to afford capering-room for so many, he gave his ball at the Casino, hired for the occasion, and decorated with all the taste of Basel upholsterers; the supper appears to have been something very grand. The entertainment, which cost the giver 30,000 francs, went off with great *eclat*, and seems to have constituted an epoch in the festive memories of the place.

In almost every town through which we have passed since leaving Paris, we have come upon the traces of a *fete*; it really seems as though the people, in this part of the world, had nothing to do but to divert themselves. And they go about it too, in a quiet, solid, determined sort of way that is very amusing. When we visited it, Ghent, as already stated, was still full of the enthusiasm, streamers, and triumphal arches got up for the Royal presence at the "Sing-gathering;" half the other towns we have been through, were rejoicing in similar fashion; and we found Basel preparing for a "Schwing-fest," or *Gymnastic Fete*, in which its own children were to compete for prizes, in running, leaping, wrestling, &c., with the deputations of Gymnasts who were pouring into the town from all the points of the compass. All the inns—and their name seems to be Legion in every place where German is the vernacular—all the public buildings, and nearly all the private ones, were decorated with garlands; flags and emblems floated from every balcony, and were hung on ropes across the streets; and arches of flowers, evergreens, and patriotic calico were rising into existence on every side. The men were everywhere knocking and hammering, perched on ladders, or venturously protruding themselves out of open windows; while the women were critically regarding "the effect" of their labors from below, or disposing pots of gay flowers, and enormous bouquets, along their balconies. The white gabled houses, with their fanny old mural pictures, and bits of quaint carving, their great shining windows, all wide open, the elaborately painted ceilings of which they afforded glimpses, with the good-tempered, unsophisticated faces of the people, the groups of admiring children, the cats perched demurely inside the rails of a lower window, or at the opened casement of higher ones, with the garlands, and streamers, and emblems, all of the brightest colors, and showing so gaily against the white wall of the buildings, made up a picture not soon to be forgotten.

The city boasts a Museum with several very fine old paintings, particularly Holbein's, and many beautiful modern ones, principally by Swiss artists. One of its ancient gates is very fine; its Council Hall is worth a visit, and so are its curious old cloisters, four hundred and fifty years old. Throughout Belgium we were struck by the great number of fountains, often of rude construction, but giving an abundant supply of excellent water, which we came upon everywhere we went; here, the number of these useful constructions seems to be on the increase: while the running water is, in all cases, pure, cold, and excellent.

The length of my scribbling warns me to stop here, on the borders of the great tumble of mountains towards which our steps are tending. My next will give a sketch of our experiences among these hoary giants, whose snowy heads shine so gloriously within view of the fine old town of Basel and its rejoicing population.

QUANTUM.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MISSOURI ELECTION.—The St. Louis Democrat thus estimates the complexion of the next House of Representatives in the State Legislature:—

Republicans	12 members.
Breckinridge Democrats	26 "
Union and Constitutional men	32 "
Douglas Democrats	46 "
To be heard from	10 counties.

VIRGINIA.—Governor Letcher has published a letter stating that, as there is no hope of uniting the two Democratic wings, he will unhesitatingly support Mr. Douglas for President.

TEXAS.—The friends of Mr. Houston are earnestly pressing the union of all conservative national men upon one electoral ticket.

ARKANSAS.—Henry M. Rector, independent Democrat, has been elected Governor by a majority of probably 3 000 votes over H. If Johnson, the regular nominee of the Democratic party. B th are said to be Breckinridge men.

For Congress, the Hon. Thomas C. Hindman has been re-elected from the First District, over Jesse M. Cypert, Whig, and F. W. Gantt, Independent Democrat, has been elected in the Second District, over Charles D. Mitchell, the regular Democratic nominee. It is reported that Mr. Gantt, since the election, has been killed by Dr. Mitchell in a duel.

GEORGIA.—Hon. A. H. Stephens is about to canvass the State for Douglas.

NEW YORK.—The State Council of the "American" party of New York met recently at Schenectady, and, by a large majority, indorsed the Syracuse Fusion Electoral Ticket. The minority of the Council, headed by General G. A. Scroggs, seceded and held a separate Council. *They are for Lincoln or Houston.*

Mr. Edward Huntington, of Rome, N. York, (Bell,) has withdrawn his name from the Democratic Fusion Electoral ticket, on the ground that he disapproves of such arrangements, and prefers the election of Lincoln to throwing the election into the House of Representatives.

Mr. Ottendorfer, a German Democrat, on the same ticket, has published a letter withdrawing his name, in case any portion of the ticket *is pledged to Bell.*

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—The "Abolition National Convention" met at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 29th, and nominated Gerrit Smith, of N. Y., for President—Samuel McFarland, of Pa., for Vice President; and for Electors at Large, Frederick Douglass and Charles Hammond.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON DISUNION.—In a recent speech at Norfolk, Va., Mr. Douglas said, in answer to a question, that "the election of Lincoln would not justify any attempt to dissolve the Union, and that he would do all in his power to aid the Government in maintaining the supremacy of the laws against all resistance to them, come from what quarter it might. In other words, he thought the President of the United States, whoever he might be, should treat all attempts to break up the Union, by resistance to its laws, as Old Hickory treated the nullifiers in 1832." These enunciations were received with applause.

CONNECTICUT.—The Douglas Convention nominated a clean Douglas Electoral ticket. A resolution instructing the Electors to vote for some other candidate than Douglas, if necessary to defeat the election of Lincoln, was rejected.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Republican State Convention nominated John A. Andrews for Governor, in place of Hon. N. P. Banks, resigned; and J. G. Goodrich for Lieut. Governor.

PHILADELPHIA.—The delegate elections of the Democracy in this city show a general preponderance of the Douglas party. For Congress, in the First Congressional District, the Democracy have laid Thomas B. Florence (Breck.), on the shelf, and nominated William E. Lehman (Doug.), in his place. John Brodhead (Breck.), was nominated in the Second District, John Kline (Doug.), in the Third, and William Morgan (Doug.), in the Fourth.

The People's Party have nominated John M. Butler in the First; Edward Joy Morris in the Second; John P. Verree in the Third; and in the Fourth, Wm. D. Kelley.

The nominations for Congress of the Bell and Everett party, are Edward King in the First District; Henry M. Fuller in the Second; George Hamilton in the Third; and John Bell Robinson in the Fourth.

KENTUCKY.—The following is the official vote polled at the recent election, for Clerk of the Court of Appeals:—

Leslie Coombs, (Union,)	68,054
McCarty, (Regular Dem.,)	45,076
Bolling, (Douglas Dem.,)	10,874
Hopkins,	804

NORTH CAROLINA.—In the Douglas Convention, fifty counties were represented by 175 delegates. Mr. Douglas made a speech before the Convention. A straight-out Douglas Electoral ticket was nominated.

A FAST WOMAN.—In the last number of Fraser's Magazine the word "fast," as applicable to the fair sex, is defined as "a combination of the less intellectual pursuits of man with the less desirable attributes of women." The writer proceeds in his definition to say that "a fast girl can ride across the country, smoke, shoot, play billiards, bet, and talk about dogs and horses in a truly edifying manner. She uses slang terms freely, and is defiant in manner. She wears shorter and more vivid petticoats, smaller hats, brighter feathers, boots with higher heels, and more plentifully decorated with little brass rings than those of her slower cotemporaries, and piques herself on reading anything."

BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE.

Be gentle! for you little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her, of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her what support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest heart
At times may have some grief,
And even in a petish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! none are perfect here—
Thou art dearer far than life;
Then, husband, bear, and still forbear—
Be gentle to thy wife.

THE JUSTICE OF THE NAGIB.

FROM COL. L. DU COURET'S TRAVELS IN ASIA AND AFRICA.

After the evening prayer, I took my way to the Tower, calling, by the way, on Seid-Ahmed, with whom, in our late ramble, I had arranged for an early meeting.

We found the Nagib seated upon his cushions, at the door of the vestibule. There, surrounded by his chiefs and a crowd of retainers, he rendered important decisions while smoking his chicha.

The audience was a large one—for Seid-Abd'el-Rahman was very popular with his people, owing, in great measure, to his accessibility to all. Mussulman, Sabian, or Jew, provided only he was of the country, enjoyed the privilege of access to him at all times to state his case, on which the Nagib at once rendered justice by a decree based upon equity as well as common sense.

Seid-Ahmed took the place reserved for him among the members of the tribunal, while for myself, after the interchange of the usual compliments, the Nagib ordered a chiboque to be brought, which he lighted and presented to me with his own hands.

Curious to witness an example of the justice of the country, I took up the most convenient position for seeing and hearing, and the audience commenced.

There were women who complained of ill-treatment on the part of their husbands; men who accused their wives of frailty, or of sterility; divisions of inheritance to adjust; thefts and frauds to punish; among all which cases there were two particularly remarkable for the judgments rendered upon them.

The first of these two cases was one between a *katib* and a *fellah*—that is, a writer and a peasant—the wife of the latter having been taken away from him by the former, who maintained that he had a claim upon her.

The woman declined to acknowledge either the one or the other of them as her husband, or rather, she acknowledged them both—a view of the case which rendered it decidedly embarrassing.

Having heard both sides, and reflected a moment, the Nagib said, addressing claimants, "Leave this woman here, and return in half an hour," on which the katib and fellah made their salutations and retired.

The second case was one between a *fekai* and a *zibdai*, or, in other words, a fruiterer and a butter-merchant—the latter very much besmeared with butter; the former clean.

The fruiterer said, "I had been to buy some butter from this man, and drew out my purse, full of money, to pay for the butter he had put in my *goulla*, when, tempted by the sight of the coins, he seized me by the wrist. I cried 'thief!' but he would not let me go; and thus have we come before you—I squeezing my money in my hand, and he grasping my wrist with his. And now, by Mohammed, our great Prophet, I swear that this man lies in saying that I have stolen his money, for that money is truly mine."

The butter-merchant said, "This man came to buy a *goulla* of butter from me, and when I had filled it he said, 'Hast thou change of an *abu-mathfa* (Spanish piaster)?' I searched my pocket, from which I drew out my hand full of money, which I placed upon the sill of my shop, from which he snatched it, and was going off with my butter and my money, when I seized him by the wrist and cried 'thief!' but, in spite of my cries, he refused to return my property to me, and I have brought him hither, in order that you may judge between us. And now, by Mohammed, our great Prophet, I swear that this man lies in saying that I have stolen his money, for that money is truly mine."

The Nagib caused the complainants to repeat their charges twice, but neither of them varied from his first statement. Then he said, after a moment's reflection, "Leave this money here, and return in half an hour," on which the fruiterer, who had all along kept his hold of the money, deposited it in a wooden bowl, brought by one of the guard—and both complainants, having made their salutations, retired.

When they were gone, the Nagib quitted his seat at the door of the vestibule, and went up into the fourth story of the tower, taking with him the woman and money in dispute. At the appointed moment he returned with them, and went back calmly to his seat. The parties interested were all present, and the katib and fellah were called up.

"Here," said the Nagib, addressing the katib, "take thy wife, and lead her away, for she is thine truly."

Then, turning to his guard and pointing to the fellah, he said,

"Give this man fifty blows of a courbash on the soles of his feet."

The katib walked off with his wife, and the guards gave the fellah fifty blows of a courbash on the soles of his feet.

Next came the fruiterer and the butter-merchant, in their turn.

"Here," said the Nagib to the fruiterer, "here is thy money; verily didst thou take it from thine own purse, and never did it belong to him by whom thou art accused!"

Then, turning to his guards and pointing to the butter-merchant, he said,

"Give this man fifty blows of a courbash on the soles of his feet."

The fruiterer walked off with his money, and the guards gave the butter merchant fifty blows of a courbash on the soles of his feet.

When the court had risen, I asked the Nagib how he ascertained that the woman was the wife of the katib, and the money the property of the fruiterer.

"Nothing more simple," replied he. "You saw how I went up into the fourth story with the woman and the money. Well, when we arrived there, I ordered her suddenly to clean my inkhorn, when, like one accustomed to that work, she at once took it, drew out the cotton from it, washed it properly, replaced it on the stand, and filled it with fresh ink. Then said I to myself, 'If you were the wife of the fellah, you never could have cleaned an inkhorn like that; you must be the wife of the katib.'"

"Good!" said I, bowing in token of assent. "So much for the woman. And how about the money?"

"The money was quite another business," replied the Nagib, smiling with a self-satisfied expression, as he leered at me with a look full of artfulness and craft. "You must have remarked how buttery the butter-merchant was, and how greasy his hands were in particular. Well, I put the money into a vessel of hot water, and upon examining the water carefully I could not find that a single particle of grease had come to the surface. Then, said I to myself, 'This money belongs to the fruiterer, and not the butter-merchant; for, had it belonged to the latter, it must have been greasy, and grease would have shown on the surface of the water.'"

At this I bowed very low, indeed, and said: "In good faith I doubt whether the great King Solomon himself could have rendered a decision with more sagacity and wisdom."

Until then I had always looked upon the tales related to us in the "Arabian Nights" as mere fictions, but on witnessing the delivery of these two judgments, I felt convinced that some of them, at least, were founded on facts. Of course they are worked up into romances, but they have a basis of reality.

Careless and Unsuspected Poisoning,

AND HOW TO GUARD AGAINST IT.

We believe the cases of intentional poisoning are insignificant in number as compared with those which are the result of accident or carelessness, the latter being by far the most fruitful source of this species of mortality, and, at the same time, that which excites the least attention, after the first sensation caused by the report of such cases in the newspapers has died away. Take the case of Smethurst, and the poisonings at Clifton as examples. Everybody remembers all about the former case, in which only one death was involved, while not one in a thousand, probably, remembers the number of deaths and the amount of suffering caused by the latter occurrence; and still fewer could say what punishment was inflicted on the man who sold one poison to color the buns instead of another of a less deadly nature, which he imagined he was selling. The extent to which poisonous substances are used to give a pretty color to certain sweetmeats and jellies, is another secret cause of injury to the system, without the sufferer or his medical attendant being aware of the cause of the indisposition. Let those who are in the habit of dining out, bear in mind that in nine cases out of ten, the jellies which look so pretty owe their prettiness to some chemical preparation, the effect of which on the stomachs of those who eat of them was never the subject of a moment's consideration on the part of the cook. Thus it happened that at a dinner party, where several persons ate of a very beautiful green jelly, all of them were made more or less ill, and some died, the coloring matter used in this case being an arseniate of copper. People read of these occurrences, and forget them, as accidents which are never likely to happen to themselves; but when a paragraph appears, hinting at some more hidden source of poisoning, a sensation of alarm spreads over the wholekingdom. Not very long ago, there was a statement, copied from one newspaper into another, that arsenic had been found in turnips, which must have been derived from the artificial manure employed! Now, as the use of artificial manure is as universal as the consumption of turnips, everybody imagined that all turnips must contain arsenic, and there was an immediate falling off in the demand for that esculent for domestic purposes. The alarm was not altogether groundless, for plants do actually take up arsenic into their tissues, when it is present in the ground in which they are grown; but the fact is, that artificial manure contains such a minute quantity of arsenic as to render poisoning from this cause in the highest degree improbable. At the same time, the fact that so deadly a poison is contained in some manures, is a strong argument in favor of the appointment of public analysts, provided for by a bill which has recently passed through the House of Commons. Experiments have been made, with the view of ascertaining the effect of watering cabbages with an arsenical solution, and it was found that, as soon as the arsenic had ascended the stalk, a little above the ground, the plant invariably died. Similar alarm was excited by the statement respecting the action of the water on the lead which lines our cisterns, but we suppose that, since the publication in the London Times of the letter of the editor of the Photographic News, these apprehensions have died away; at all events, we have heard nothing of the matter since. There is, however, a species of lead poisoning infinitely more dangerous, the action of which is confined almost exclusively to the male sex. The quantity of tobacco and snuff sold throughout the country, packed in tinfoil, is very large; and it has been found, by experiment, that these substances act in lead with considerable energy, consequently, a portion of the material in which they are enveloped is decomposed, and a salt of lead is formed in the tobacco or snuff in a greater or less proportion, according to the length of time it remains in the tinfoil, and doubtless, also, according to the degree and kind of adulteration to which these articles have been subjected previously. This is a very important matter, and one which it is only necessary should be made public to put an end to this kind of poisoning, inasmuch as it is just as easy to procure these commodities from the bulk as in the neat-looking packages in which death or sickness lies concealed. But perhaps the most insidious and most universal poisoning—which probably affects the health of thousands of individuals in this country without the cause being suspected—arises from the use of green paper in the decoration of rooms. A short time back a case was published relating the narrow escape from death of the younger branches of a family from this cause; and more recently an instance has occurred within our own knowledge, where a father and son, the former a strong, robust man, the latter a boy, had been ailing for six months, the indisposition commencing almost immediately after the room they occupied had been newly papered with green paper! As we do not wish to excite alarm without pointing out a remedy, we will suggest two methods by means of which anybody may ascertain whether arsenic is contained in a green specimen of paper of this color. One method is, to take a small piece of the paper and immerse it in a solution of ammonia, allowing it to remain therein a considerable time. If the solution assumes a blue tinge it may be presumed that arsenic is present. Take out the paper and drop a piece of crystallized nitrate of silver into the liquid, when, if arsenic be really present, the crystal will become yellow. The other method, which we consider to be more certain, is to scrape off the surface of the suspected paper from a small portion of that which covers an obscure part of the room; then insert a paper tube inside a glass test tube, and pour this powder to the bottom, the object of using the paper tube being to prevent any portion of the powder from touching the sides of the glass. Remove the paper tube, close the vessel tightly, and expose the contents to the heat of a jet of gas until the whole is thoroughly carbonised. If arsenic be present it will sublime, and deposit itself as arsenious acid on the sides of the tube. Let it stand till quite cold, and then take out the burnt powder which remains in the tube, and pour in a small quantity of distilled water, add two or three drops of liquor potassæ, and boil for a minute or two. The addition of a little ammonio-nitrate of silver or ammonio sulphate of copper will cause a green or yellow precipitate, if the solution contains arsenic.

It only remains now to suggest an effectual preventive against any injury resulting from living in a room hung with arsenical paper, and this consists in having the paper well sized and varnished.—*English Paper.*

STAGE NONSENSE.

We were speaking to a friend, the other day, respecting the merits of a "celebrated tragedian," when we had occasion to comment on the rant of the stage—the loud mouthing, the outrageous gesture, the furious rolling of the eyes, the stride, swords that rattle in the hilt, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the modern drama. Fancy this style carried into real life. On being introduced to a lady you would say, throwing yourself into a splendid attitude—"Most gracious madam, on my knees I greet you," impressively placing your right hand on your heart. To a creditor who would not pay—"Fraudulent knave! payest thou me not? By yonder sun that blazes in the zenith, then will I sue, and thou shalt see thine impious name flaming the streets on posters huge!" At dinner—"Now, by my soul and all my highest hopes, those beans are royal. Were I Jupiter, beans should grace each royal banquet. What, ho! waiter, bring hither more beans!" To your wife—"Madam, beware thou dost excite me not; else, being too hot with wrath, I do myself some harm. A needle here—a button on my shirt—and see it instantly performed. Do it! Not leave the task to me." To your butcher—"Thou ensanguined destroyer of bovines, send me some mutton and some beef; and mark you! let it be tenderer than love, and sweeter than the bees' rare burden. I would dine to-day." To a friend—"Excuse a rash intrusion on your grace, but hast thou in thy box a portion of that plant, ranked by the botanist among the genus nicotiana?" or, "Most noble friend, wilt thou partake with me some strong libation? Thou lookest dull, to-day; 'twill cheer thy sinking heart." Reply—"Oh, noble soul! alas, not all the wine of Bacchanalian revels could ease this sorrow here—here!—here! (Left arm struck several times.) Oh, what a fool and arrant knave am I, the very sport of fortune!" This is scarcely more ridiculous than three-quarters of the stage nonsense.

THE ART OF WALKING.—In this there are numerous styles; and whether for speed, military step, or fashion, either has a peculiar tread of its own. In fact, in walking for speed, the exact opposite method is adopted in placing the feet to that which is taught in military circles and by professors of accomplishments. The heel must touch the ground first, but without the clap termed "clod-hopping." The rest of the foot, as it comes down, sustains along its length the weight of the body, and throwing off, with a spring from the toe, as the other heel touches the ground in front. This marks the difference between fair "toe-and-heel" walking, and the series of hops which make up a run. From one hundred and eighty to two hundred fair "heel-and-toe" steps may be taken in a minute, and sustained at a good pace; and for a "spirt," as many as two hundred and twenty by light, small, active men."

As to the distance covered in a given time, many interesting feats are on record. Seven miles within the hour has been about the greatest speed in walking; but a Mr. Hall, in a match with Mountjoy, the pedestrian, accomplished the following:—One mile in 7 minutes 13 seconds; two miles, 15 minutes 20 seconds; and four miles in 32 minutes exactly. This latter is the highest point of speed on record; and the amount of training necessary to arrive at such perfection is immense.

☞ OH!—A correspondent of the Presbyterian Banner estimates the number of times that the interjection, "Oh!" was used in a recent sermon and prayer, at one hundred and twenty.

HINTS ON HORSEBACK RIDING.

A person riding on horseback, is either a most graceful, or a most awkward object. A man may walk without much elegance, and still attract no particular attention, but a bungling performance on horseback makes the unhappy sufferer the butt for every beholder, and he can rally nothing of self-respect, to shield himself from the full force of ridicule. A poor rider feels as meanly as he looks. How can a man think well of himself, as he is helplessly *jounced* about like a lump of putty, his elbows flapping up and down like the wings of a Shanghai rooster, his brain confused in the endeavor to find his centre of gravity, and his pantaloons hitching up over the tops of his boots. But to one who knows how to keep his seat properly, to so adjust himself that he shall appear a part of the animal that carries him, there is nothing more exhilarating, or that will make him feel more a man. A buggy, with its soft cushions and easy springs, may do for "nice young men," and the indolent or timid, but give us the invigorating trot, or the luxurious gallop of the living animal, with a spring in every muscular fibre, to thrill and strengthen every nerve and muscle of the rider.

One great secret in correct riding is, to make the seat the centre of motion. The tyro shortens up the stirrup straps, that he may support his weight upon them, he then throws the body forward and each spring of the horse raises him clear from the saddle, propelling him forward by a not very gentle application of horse power in the rear. His feet are the centre of motion, and he oscillates forward and backward like the piston rod of a steam engine, and the reaction upon the horse adds greatly to his fatigue. While in this position, should the horse stop suddenly, or stumble badly, the rider goes on independently, and finds himself upon the horse's withers, neck, or over his head, as the case may be. From the first, the rider should learn to hold himself firm in the seat, by grasping the side of the horse with the thighs. Let them be a vice, from which no plunge of the horse forward, upward or sideway can extricate him. Keep the body erect, or slightly inclining backward, the feet feeling the stirrup beneath, but not resting there to support the body. Let the toes be nearly parallel with the sides of the horse, or but slightly inclined outward. The muscles of the body above the hips may be relaxed, to yield to the motion imparted by the animal. Keep the elbows by the sides, not constrained, but resting there naturally and easily.

Never depend on the bridle to keep in place upon the saddle, let that be done with the muscles of the thighs. This position will be tiresome at first, and the beginner should ride but a short distance at a time, until the muscles are accustomed to the use required of them. Horsemen differ as to the propriety of using one or both hands for the bridle. A horse properly trained, can easily be guided with one hand. For this purpose the reins should be drawn just tight enough, to feel the horse's mouth, then as light turn of the hand to the right or left will be sufficient. An animal soon becomes acquainted with the peculiar manner of one who uses him frequently, and may be taught, in a short time, to turn at the increased pressure of the leg upon either side, and to take a different gait at the mere touch of the bridle.

Where there is danger from stumbling, it is safest to ride with a rather loose rein; the horse can recover himself much more readily, if he have command of the muscles of his head and neck. He will also more easily discern and avoid obstructions, if his head be left in its natural position. To bring a horse's head and neck into a painful position by a standing martingale, is both cruel and dangerous; he will fall upon a slight stumble.

A DOG STORY.

My oldest son was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large dog, belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed and ran for his life. He struck into the woods, and the dog gained upon him, when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and stumbling over a stone he pitched off a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, and perceiving that the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about and went for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there, or have dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog did not bring him help. He held up his broken leg, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune, and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to arrest attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety, that the family followed him to the place where the child lay. Now, observe that this dog was pursuing this boy as an enemy; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to pity, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. I do not say that he *reasoned* in this matter; but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right kind of feeling and action, that I think it deserves to be recorded to his credit. As few dogs will read the record, I commend the example to all *mankind* for their imitation.

FUSELI AMONG HIS PUPILS.—He would take any vacant place among the students, and sit reading nearly the whole time he stayed with us. I believe he was right. For those students who are born with powers that will make them eminent, it is sufficient to place fine works of art before them. They do not want instruction, and those that do, are not worth it. Art may be *learnt*, but can't be *taught*. Under Fuseli's wise neglect, Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if indeed that could have been done.—*Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections."*

DIPPING UP THE WATER.

BY J. G. A.

Kneeling by the stream I saw
Kate, the farmer's daughter,
Drinking, in her rosy palm,
Dipping up the water.

She had thrown her hat aside,
Bare were arm and shoulder;
Each unconscious charm displayed,
Made my love the bolder.

So I slowly, tenderly,
Went and knelt beside her,
Drank with her from out the stream—
Blushing Kitty Ryder.

And I said, "The poets tell us,
Life is like a river:
Shall we not its waters sweet,
Always drink together?"

Many years have passed us by,
Like the flowing water,
But I drink life's stream to-day,
With Kate, the farmer's daughter.

—*Olive Branch.*

SCHOOL HOURS AND EXERCISE.

Mr. Edwin Chadwick, whose name is identified with so many important social reforms, has of late been prosecuting an educational inquiry of great interest. He was, as our readers may remember, appointed by the British Government a commissioner to inquire into the excessive labor of young persons in cotton factories. The results he obtained led him to propose measures, which were in part executed, by reducing the working time of children under thirteen years of age to six hours a day, and for ensuring their attendance at school the residue of the time, say three hours. The children under this provision are called "half timers;" and it turns out, according to Mr. Chadwick's investigation, that in well conducted schools their attainments are quite equal to those of the "full timers," who attend school six hours daily, while in aptitude for the application of their knowledge they are said to be superior. As they gain in bodily condition by the reduction of their physical labor, so they do in mental condition by the reduction of the time devoted to mental labor.

Mr. Chadwick made a close examination of the best of the long time schools for young children, and found upon the testimony of the most intelligent teachers, that they could not keep voluntary attention to study beyond two hours in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. By force, even, they cannot get more than an additional half-hour of real attention, and that half-hour proves in the end a mental mischief as well as a bodily injury. From these facts it would seem to follow, as he contends, that our school systems are a violation, in this respect, of the laws of physiology.

Boys are enabled to repair the injury of undue mental work, to a certain extent, by their athletic games. Not so with girls. In boarding schools they are fastened to their sedentary occupations often eight hours a day, with but light intervening relaxation or exercise. Mr. Chadwick finds that the daughters of mothers who have worked, but whose fathers have got on in the world and have sent these daughters to day or boarding-schools, and kept them *from work, are shorter* and generally of inferior strength to the working mothers; that the proportion of mothers of the well-to-do classes who can suckle their own children, is diminishing; that among women who have one servant there are ailments which are unknown among women who have two servants, and get very bad indeed, and with new complications of hypochondria, among women who have three servants.

The remedies recommended by this gentleman are the reduction of the ordinary school hours by one-half, and the devotion of either to manual labor or gymnastics. But no form of exercise, he thinks, is equal to the naval and military drill. This he considers both in reference to the future personal welfare of the pupil and to the interests of the community.—Looking to the welfare of the pupil, he contends that the drill is good for the correction of congenital bodily defects, that it gives an early initiation to all that is implied in the term discipline, namely, duty, self-restraint, order, punctuality, obedience to command and patience; that it renders action prompt and easy, and adds to the efficiency and productive value of pupils in after life. Looking to the welfare of the nation, he maintains that the military and naval drill is more effectively and permanently taught in the juvenile than in the adolescent or adult stages of life, and that if made generally prevalent, it would accomplish eventually in a wider and better manner, the object sought to be obtained by volunteer military companies, which, by the interruption of the productive occupations, are highly expensive, and that the juvenile drill would produce an immensely stronger, and cheaper defensive force than is now produced by any means in use in any nation.—*N. Y. Post.*

THE DANGER OF LOSING A SHIRT.—Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse" had just appeared; he was in a coffee-room in a hotel where, hearing his own name coupled with a coroner's inquest, he asked to see the newspaper, which was handed to him with the remark, that "It was very extraordinary that Coleridge, the poet, should have hanged himself just after the success of his play; but he was always a strange, mad fellow." "Indeed, sir," said Coleridge, "it is a most extraordinary thing that he should at this moment be speaking to you." The astonished stranger hoped that he had "said nothing to hurt his feelings," and was made easy on that point. The newspaper related that a gentleman in black had been cut down from a tree in Hyde Park, without money or papers in his pocket, his shirt being marked "S. T. Coleridge;" and Coleridge was at no loss to understand how this might have happened, since he seldom travelled without losing a shirt or two. —*Leslie's Autobiography.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—Irving met a Mr. Kissam, whom he had heard was dead, and exclaimed, "My dear Kissam, how have you been since your death?" To which Kissam replied, as quick as lightning, "*Oh! in a world of spirits!*"

FLEECED AT FARO.

Once in a while some merchant from the interior, or some wise man from the East, or some splendid youth at home, finds his way into a faro-room and chances his money on that desperate game. Of course he is fleeced. He calls himself a fool, in which operation we entirely coincide. He weeps for his lost money, and bestows red hot maledictions upon the gamblers, and he asks our sympathy for his rashness. We withhold sympathy in most of these cases. No man plays a game of chance without earnestly intending to win. The booby who roars in anguish because he has lost his last dollar or two on the sweat-cloth, would have pocketed the stakes with a thrill of sordid joy had he won. A sincere wish to fleece the red-nosed gentleman, with the honeyed talk and big watch-seal, induced him to stake his money on the cut-throat game, and little would the booby bother himself about the fairness of the thing if *he* should win instead of the red-nosed man. Persons who know enough to spell their own names should by this time be aware that a man unused to gaming stands about as fair a chance in a gambling hell as a fat sheep would in the lair of a hungry tiger. "Gentlemen," said a veteran gambler to a party of infatuated young men who, having lost heavily on faro one night, were now betting in the wild hope of redeeming their losses, "gentlemen, if you expect to *tire out these gas-lights*, you will be disappointed!" And it is amazing, when the tricks and wiles of gamblers have so often been exposed, that a person can be found of sufficient string bean greenness to allow his fleece to slide away before the keen and never-missing shears of the cool and practiced gamester.

SEA-BATHING AT BRIGHTON.—While looking at the machines, I was informed by my companion that the English have not been a sea-bathing nation such a very long time, and that, therefore, bathing-machines are a comparatively modern invention. It is exactly one hundred and ten years ago that a physician, named Russell, wrote a book upon the advantages of washing the body in sea-water—an idea which had not previously entered into the brains of our forefathers. Up to that time, to use the words of my learned informant and friend, Mr. Roberts, of Dover, "the sea was judged to have been designed for commerce, and sea-side towns for the residence of merchants and fishermen. At no previous period had there been sea-side visitors. Why should they go to the sea-coast, when no motive could be stated—at a time, too, when Northampton's healthy climate was attributed to its distance from the *noxious fumes of the sea?* There were certainly watering-places; but these were towns where mineral waters existed, such as Bath, Cheltenham, Harrowgate," &c. Dr. Russell's brother doctors took up the cry; sea-bathing suddenly became the fashion; Dr. Russell was obliged to come to reside at Brighton; and the fishing villages in various parts of the kingdom became inundated with visitors.—"*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*"

WORKING FOR A PENNY A DAY.—When in our boyhood, we read in the Bible about the men working in a vineyard for a penny a day, we remember that it seemed like very small wages indeed. But let us see about this. In those days a penny was about as large as fifteen of our cents, and as money was some ten times as *valuable as* now, the penny a day was as good as one hundred and fifty of our cents, so that those men really got as good wages as the best men now generally have in harvest time, that is a dollar and a half a day. So also, when that good Samaritan gave two pence to the landlord to take care of the man who fell among thieves, you see it was equivalent to about $3, which would probably pay for his board two weeks in a country tavern, where board was very cheap. This gift of the Samaritan was in addition to the raiment, the oil and wine, and to the promise to pay anything more that the landlord might expend. By the same reckoning, how much was that box of "very costly" ointment worth, which Mary used upon the Saviour? When the Disciples asked if they should buy two hundred penny-worth of bread, how many loaves were they calculating for at about six cents a loaf—a large price in those days? Remember to reckon money worth ten times as much as now, and to call a penny worth fifteen cents.—*American Agriculturist.*

AFRICAN BEAUTIES.—Among the fair of Yombo, (Central Africa,) there were no less than three beauties—women who would be deemed beautiful in any part of the world. Their faces were purely Grecian: they had laughing eyes, their figures were models for an artist, with superb busts, and contours like the "bending statue that delights the world" cast in bronze. The dress—a short kilt of calabash fibre—rather set off than concealed their charms, and though destitute of petticoat or crinoline, they were wholly unconscious of indecorum. It is a question that by no means can be positively answered in the affirmative, that real modesty is less in proportion to the absence of toilette. These "beautiful domestic animals" graciously smiled when in my best Kinyamwezi I did my devoir to the sex; and the present of a little tobacco always secured me a seat in the undress circle.—*Captain Burton.*

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON AT THE UNIVERSITY.—I am quite willing that you should sit for the scholarship, on the express condition of not over-reading, of not sitting up later than ten or eleven o'clock, of not neglecting your exercise, and of not going on a day longer if your health should begin to fail. My object is invariably the same—to make you a pious, useful, upright, humble servant of God. Learning is merely furniture—means—an appendage—a qualification. The end of life is to serve God, to save the soul, to do good in our generation, and to be prepared for Heaven. The union of diligence and humility—this is what I would aim at myself, and impress on others, and especially on those whom I love best—my children.—*Life of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta.*

☞ It has been said that we can earn genuine manhood only by serving out steadily and faithfully the period of boyhood.

☞ Milk, so nutritious when taken as food, if injected in the veins, acts as a deadly poison.

SUN AND CLOUD.

Oh! the skylark singeth in sun and cloud,
And the night at the east gate dies,
And the day is born in the lap of morn,
And the rose-bloom fills the skies;
And ever the day succeeds the night,
And night succeeds the day;
And pleasure and pain, like sun and rain,
Are ever our lot for aye,
Sweet wife!
Are ever our lot for aye.

Not oft, 'mid spring's bright goldenness,
And summer's soft-nested bowers,
Is life's lot cast; but in the shade,
'Mid winter's chilling showers.
The dark worm dwells wherever life
Hath flowered with love and joy:
But, oh! there is a bliss divine,
In duty's sweet employ,
Sweet wife!
In duty's sweet employ.

Yesterday's dead, and to-morrow is far
Away in the east, with the dawn;
To-day alone we can call our own,
And the present will soon be gone.
While the meadows of heaven are crowned with stars,
And the meadows of earth with flowers,
There's a merry time for the hearts of all,
And a world of love for ours,
Sweet wife!
And a world of love for ours.

Oh! the sun must rise, and the sun must set;
But love need never be cold.
Oh! what would life from love be worth,
With all its dreams of gold?
Bright hopes go down in the sallow town,
Where the stony-hearted be;
But at even's close I find repose
In the love of my child and thee,
Sweet wife!
In the love of my child and thee.

SHELDON CHADWICK.

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XII.

I have grown wise! the disciplines and trial
Through which I passed with bitter groans and tears,
Were but the shadows on God's golden dials,
Pointing me onward to serener years!
Beneath my feet the "Enchanted Ground" is lying,
Where my soul slumbered in its onward way;
And far above such idle grief and sighing,
I watch the dawning of a brighter day! M. B.

Clifford did not answer. It had been a bitter tale, that of her marriage; but he felt another and a keener pang at the thought of this little child. It was a tie between Regina and her husband, stronger than had ever existed between Regina and himself; and while he had pictured her mourning secretly over his desertion, even with that coronet upon her brow, she had been holding this infant to her heart, and tracing, possibly, the father's look within the little face! Never had she seemed so utterly lost to him—never so much Charlemount's as now! She came on, stopping now and then to speak to an acquaintance, till she reached the place where Helen Erlinford sat. Without noticing the tall gentleman in the background, who made way for her, she sat down upon the little sofa, and gave Helen's hand a playful squeeze.

"Truant! I have been looking for you ever since I came. Where did you vanish after we entered the rooms?"

"It was not I that vanished," said Helen. "Before I had an opportunity to speak to you, you were seized upon by one of your numerous adorers!"

"My dear, don't talk scandal! His Excellency Baron Brenowitz took me into the next saloon, in order to talk to me about butterflies. He is butterfly-mad, you know—and the only way I could escape from him, at last, was by promising to hunt the poor creatures with a net in the rose-garden at Erlinford, for him. I need not tell you that they will escape me very easily. I don't mind running up and down the walks with a net if it will please the poor old man—it will be fine fun for Stuart, too! But fancy *me* impaling one of those bright spirits on a pin! Upon my word, Helen, naturalists seem to have no bowels of compassion! They only look upon the happy creatures God has made, with scientific eyes, and have no more scruple about putting them to the torture than you would in brushing a fly from the bit of sugar destined for your coffee-cup."

"I know what you would do with the fly," said Helen, laughing.

"What?"

"You would let him stay; you would go without the sugar—drink your coffee unsweetened—rather than disturb him at his meal."

"I don't doubt it in the least. And, do you know, this boy takes after his mamma in that respect. His nurse could not get him to bed till past ten o'clock last evening, because Prince Charlie had seen fit to go to sleep upon the pillow, and Stuart would not have him disturbed. I gave him a little gold chain on which he has long fixed the eye of desire, when I heard of it this morning."

Without turning her head, Helen could see how intently the eyes of the gentleman behind them were fixed upon her companion—how eagerly he listened to every word she uttered. She stole a look up into his grave face. "Shall I speak?" it seemed to say; and reading it aright, he bent his head almost imperceptibly. With a nervous tremor agitating her, and a deep flush burning on her cheek, she broached the difficult subject.

"Regina, I wish to speak to you about something."

"Very well—I see nothing that prevents you."

"Are you in a good humor this evening?"

"A most seraphic one!"

"At peace with all the world?"

"Entirely!"

"And therefore ready to meet and welcome even those who have offended you?"

"No one has offended me," said Regina, looking at her quietly.

"Not at present, perhaps, but in other days!"

A slight shadow darkened the proud, tranquil face.

"Ah!—other days! That is a different affair. I have forgotten all about other days, and would rather not talk about them, if you please!"

"Don't be unforgiving, Regina.

"I am not!"

"At this moment, some one who is very sorry for having pained and wounded you, is waiting to tell you so!"

"If any one has pained and wounded me, I wish them to tell me—nothing!" said Regina, looking very much disturbed.

"How hard, how unjust you are!"

"I must go back to Baron Brenowitz and the butterflies!"

She rose, in spite of the detaining hand Helen laid upon her arm. But before she could move away, Clifford came swiftly from his concealment, and stood before her. Many curious eyes were upon them at that moment; but there was nothing in Regina's look or manner with which the most rigorous could find fault. No blush rose to her pale, clear cheek. She did not start—she did not turn away. There was a moment's silence; then she held out her hand, and said coldly, but courteously,

"Mr. Clifford, allow me to congratulate you upon your safe return to England!"

He took the gloved hand, bent confusedly over it, and murmured something inaudible about the pleasure he felt in meeting her again. Helen stole quietly away after Mrs. Erlinford, who was hurrying off with the news of the reconciliation; the good people on every side, after a momentary stare, pursued their own devices: and Regina sank gracefully and languidly back into the seat from which she had just risen, and made room for Clifford by her side. They were together once more. Did she remember their wretched parting as well as he? He could not tell. He looked at her. The proud dark eyes met his own calmly—the sweet voice did not falter—the hand which held her bouquet and fan was firm and steady. The passion and the pain were then over for Regina as for him: and the two had once vowed to live and die for each other, might meet as strangers now, without feeling one throb of pain at the thought of all they had enjoyed—and lost forever! *Was* it so?

"When did you arrive?" she asked.

"By the last steamer. This is the first house I have entered (with the exception of my hotel) since my return. I little expected to meet you here."

"It was a very unexpected pleasure, I confess, to me," she said, so gravely, that he could not tell if she was speaking sarcastically or not.

"I have just heard you speak of the past in a way that would seem to forbid any allusion to it," he began. "Yet, if I might be permitted to say one thing!"

"Allusions to the past are always useless! In this case they may be worse than useless!"

What did she mean? Did she love him still? He colored with pleasure at the thought. She watched him, and a quiet smile of scorn played around her lips.

"I see what a blunder you are making, Mr. Clifford. I retract what I said. You may allude to the past as much as you like."

Stung and mortified as he was by her manner he had to speak.

"I wished to ask you to forgive my—my injustice and cruelty!"

"It was forgiven long ago!"

"And forgotten?"

"I advise you not to ask too many questions. In general, people forgive very much sooner than they forget."

"I have suffered in consequence of that cruelty far more than you."

"You think so?"

Her eyes rested upon him for one moment with a powerful glance.

"I am sure of it! For in addition to all the pain and agony, I carried remorse forever with me."

"You need carry it no longer. Let us talk of other things. Tell me of your travels?"

"I cannot."

"You enjoyed them, I trust?"

"Oh, wonderfully!"

"You are vexed because I will not go on speaking of what between us ought not to be mentioned at all. What possible good can there be in raking over the ashes of a fire that went out long ago?"

"Entirely?"

"Entirely!"

"I thought as much!" he said, bitterly.

"And pray what else did you expect?" she asked, with flashing eyes. "Did you imagine I was going to sit here beside you, and sigh sentimentally over days which—which I wish I had never seen! I am a wife and a mother, Mr. Clifford—a happy wife and a happy mother. I greeted you to-night as I might greet any old acquaintance—more kindly, perhaps, because I knew it would be Charlemount's wish that I should repair, by that kindness, the breach that once existed between you two. If you still persist in misunderstanding me, I will go away, and send him to make his peace in person."

"You are angry with me," he said, in a very low tone.

"Not with you—with that detestable vanity which characterizes your sex, and which will not allow you to rest contented with the friendly welcome I give you; which makes you turn and twist every word I utter into a hidden acknowledgment of suffering and regret which I do not feel—which I have not felt for four long years."

"Good heavens, how bitter you are!"

"Because I am even more disappointed in you now than I was once before!"

"No doubt!" he answered, sadly. "I seem to have the gift of disappointing every one who knows me. I believe there is nothing good or noble or true left in me!"

"Whose fault is that?"

"My own, you will say!"

"I am sure it can be no other person's.—There was a time, Mr. Clifford, when you had very much that was good about you."

"The time has gone by."

"It can come back again!"

"How?"

"You have only to wish, and to will!"

"Ah, that is all you know about it! It is too late for me to mend. Mine is a wrecked and broken life. I am by no means what I was. I hope for nothing—care for nothing—love nothing—and believe in nothing!"

"A happy state of mind!"

"Very!"

"Take my advice, and get out of it as soon as possible."

"Too late! too late!" he repeated, shaking his head.

"One of these days you will sing a more cheerful song. *Ah!*"

"What is it?"

She was looking towards the door, and a kind smile came into her eyes.

"Charlemount is coming, Mr. Clifford! You must stay and shake hands with him!"

"I do not see him!"

"Miss Erlinford is on his arm. Now can you see them?"

"Yes."

But Clifford, after one hasty glance at the advancing pair, turned again to her. It was not the old, glad, gay light that he remembered, which shone upon her face, but an expression infinitely kind and genial, such as had not beamed out once during their *tete a-tete*. It made him jealous, even though the old love had died away.

"Do you care for him?" he asked.

The bright, dark eyes met his own, with a look of surprise.

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"What a convenient thing a woman's heart must be! It can be off with the old love and on with the new, at a moment's notice, and without the slightest pain!"

"It appears to me that you are talking in your sleep!" she said, haughtily. "I beg you will keep such opinions to yourself—they have no peculiar interest for me; and I wish you and Charlemount to be friends, if possible: but I tell you, fairly, your chance is but a poor one, if you persist in those ill-timed speeches and allusions. My dear Helen, I think you are peacemaker in general, this evening!"

"Charlemount was not half so naughty, as you, Regina!" said Miss Erlinford, as she brought up her charge before the pair.

"He never is."

A look of uneasiness, which Clifford had been pleased to see upon the Earl's face, vanished at this speech, and he gave his wife a fond, trusting look, as he came nearer and held out his hand to his former rival.

"Mr. Clifford, I can say, with all my heart, that I am sorry for the past. It was so long ago, that I think we can both afford to be generous, and shake hands as if that stupid quarrel had never been!"

"The apology should come from me, my lord! Her ladyship has already been kind enough to pardon me! I ask your forgiveness now!"

"Pshaw, my dear fellow, we were a couple of fools together, that is all; and now we are friends!" said the warm-hearted nobleman, giving his hand a powerful grasp. "You must come and see us, Clifford."

"I shall be very happy, I am sure!"

"I have a thousand things to talk to you about—parliamentary business! Did you know I am now a regular attendant in the House of Lords?"

"No, my lord."

"All her doing!" said Charlemount, nodding gaily over his shoulder. "I had no peace till I took my seat; and one of these days she expects to see the Thames in a state of combustion, illumination, and what not, after my maiden speech!"

Clifford sighed as he listened to him. Fame, rank, fortune, and love, all followed this man and ministered to him. And he—what was he? An obscure author—a lonely, and sad, and disappointed man! Helen Erlinford's sweet blue eyes looked pityingly at him. Was it yet too late?

"My dear Charlemount, you must finish your conversation with Mr. Clifford at some other time," said Regina, taking his arm. "We ought to have been at S—— House half an hour ago."

"Very well, I am at your orders! When will you come and dine with us, Clifford? To-morrow!"

"To-morrow we are engaged!" interposed Regina.

"The day after, then. I know that is an at-home day. Come early, Clifford, and I will show you my boy. He is the finest fellow in England!"

"Like all only sons!" said Regina, laughing. "Good night, Helen—good night, Mr. Clifford!"

He bowed over the hand she held out, and watched them as they passed out of the room. How stately *she* was—how fond and attentive *he* seemed! Five years of constant intercourse had only made her dearer to that happy husband. And the boy—their child—he was soon to see it; to trace in its young face the blended features and expressions of both! It was a pleasant thought.

While he stood, battling with the jealousy and anger that consumed him, a little sigh fell upon his ear, and he looked down upon Helen Erlinford watching him with her kind eyes.

"I am sorry if I have pained you by bringing you together!" she said gently. "I thought it would be better—"

"It *is* better, and I am very glad it is over!" he answered. "But you see, Miss Erlinford, one has to get used to seeing the woman one has loved in such very different circumstances. I do not care for her now, yet I confess to a little jealousy."

Mrs. Erlinford approached them, leaning on her husband's arm.

"Well, Helen, you have managed the matter beautifully. Every one is talking about it! I am very glad, Mr. Clifford, that you are all friends again!"

"And so am I, madam! Are you going so soon?"

"Yes," said the "M. P.," shaking hands with him. "We are due at another party. Come, Helen!"

"Will Miss Erlinford allow me?"

Helen accepted his proffered arm. He wrapped her little cloak carefully around her, and led her down the stairs, but did not speak till she was about to enter the carriage. Then he pressed her hand, and said in a low tone,

"Thank you—God bless you!" The words gave her bright and pleasant dreams that night.

* * * * * * *

Clifford, walking next morning idly in Hyde Park, long before fashionable hours, was somewhat amused and interested by the sight of a little child riding up and down the deserted Rotten Row, mounted on a snow-white pony, with hoofs like jet and eyes of fire, and a flowing tail that almost swept the ground. A mounted groom followed him as he careered to and fro. The dress of the boy was of the richest material and most dainty fashion, and his golden hair fell in heavy curls upon the collar of his velvet riding coat. Clifford sat down beneath a tree, and began to sketch him on a leaf of his note book almost involuntarily. The child looked now and then towards him somewhat curiously, as he passed. A knot of beggar boys left their play beside the Serpentine, and watched the beautiful pony with envious eyes. One of them was not only poor and ragged, but deformed and lame; and as he stood there leaning on his crutch—his hollow cheeks flushed with excitement, and his worn, little frame fairly trembling with admiration—the beautiful pony stopped suddenly before the fence, and its young rider bent from the saddle and looked pityingly down at him.

"Little boy, how ill you look!" he cried. "Are you lame? Cannot you walk without those things?"

"No, my lord," cried out a bold urchin beside him. "Jim fell down stair, he did, and put his back out when he was a little shaver!"

"And who are you?"

"I'm Tom—I'm his brother, my lord," said the boy, pulling his forelock respectfully, and drawing nearer to the cripple.

"Do you know me?"

"Seen you in the park lots of times, my lord."

The little fellow scrambled out of the saddle, and held out his hand to the deformed boy.

"Should you like a ride?" he said, kindly.

"Oh, my lord!" The poor child's eyes filled with tears at the idea of such a wonderful pleasure.

"He would—wouldn't he, Tom?"

"Must be a fool if he didn't, my lord," was Master Tom's sententious reply.

"Then help me put him in the saddle, and he shall have one. Come, my poor boy! There! give me your hand. Tom must help you up, for he is bigger than I am. There you are!"

With much exertion and tugging on the part of three or four of the boys—none of whom were much more than ten years old—the feat was accomplished, and the cripple, seated on the back of his fairy steed, looked down with wondering eyes at his companions. The groom sat like a statue on his own horse, at a little distance. He had his orders, and if his young master had seen fit to amuse himself by sweeping the crossings, would hardly have interfered. But there was a suspicious moisture about *his* eyes as he watched the extraordinary scene.

"Lord love him!" he muttered; "he's got a heart as tender as a little baby's! If all lords were like him!"

James nodded his head sagely, and moved a pace or two nearer. Clifford rose and leaned upon the fence. Seeing, for the first time, a lady dressed in black, who was reading upon one of the seats, but who had laid down her book to watch the children, the truth flashed across his mind. The fair-haired, slender child was hers! He was the young Lord Erlinford!

"Take the bridle, James," his clear, sweet voice was saying. "I will lead the pony, and Tom shall walk on the other side; so you cannot fall off. Now, are you ready?"

In this order, the strange procession started off. The boys ran along the walk, cheering enthusiastically. The little lord trotted manfully over the soft ground, his golden head just reaching the pony's breast, and Tom looked at his sick brother with proud, delighted eyes. The lady rose, and, coming up to the fence, gazed long and earnestly after them. There were tears on her cheek. As she wiped them away, and turned back to her seat, her eyes fell upon Clifford, who took off his hat, and bowed profoundly.

"You here!" she said, with a little start.

"I might well echo the question," he answered, with a smile.

"Oh! I do not pretend to be fashionable. I do a number of things that no one else thinks of doing; and this is one. I bring my maid with me every morning, and read while Stuart takes his ride. I never ride with him myself. I have lost Saladin, and I will mount no other horse."

"Faithful to everything but me!" thought Clifford, bitterly, but he said nothing.

"You saw my boy?"

"I did. Allow me to congratulate you on having such a child!" replied Clifford, as they seated themselves to wait his return.

"I am the happiest woman in England!" she cried out, while her eyes filled again.—"I am prouder of him this morning than I can say!"

"You have reason to be."

"It is a loving heart, and I have always taught him to reverence the poor; but I confess I never knew the lesson had taken so deep a root. Look! there he is again!"

The cheers of the boys were faintly heard in the distance, as the little fellow came galloping down the ride, his face flushed with generous excitement, and his golden hair flying in the wind.

"Mother," he cried, checking his pony under the tree, "this makes the fifth time I have been up and down the Row. Am I to go home now?"

"Yes, my dear!" was Regina's reply. "I shall follow you directly."

He kissed his little hand to her, and rode away with James. Neither mother nor son made any allusion to the incident which had just taken place. The child's pitying heart saw nothing meritorious in the act—the mother would not destroy its beauty by a single word of injudicious praise.

"You are training him up well," said Clifford, as they went down the walk, followed by the Countess's maid.

"Do you think so? I am trying to do my duty by him, and I ask God to show me how," she answered, very humbly. "He is very young, but I think, without any motherly vanity, I may say that his heart is far beyond his years. He is no prodigy of learning, I confess. He bungles over his alphabet, and has a wholesome horror of printed books.—But he is generous and brave, and full of feeling. That is quite enough to work upon."

"Yes."

Clifford sighed as he said it. This was the woman he had thought unfit for the duties of wifehood and maternity—this was the heartless coquette who had bartered his love for a coronet! But for his folly, she might have been his own, and a child as fair and good as Stuart might have gladdened both their hearts!

"We will leave my boy for the present," she said, stealing a look at his gloomy face.—"And since we have agreed to forget all that is painful in the past, and to talk simply and confidentially, as two old friends might talk, I suppose I may say that I am very glad indeed to see you back in England. Have you come to stay in your own land?"

"That I do not know."

"You have been roaming for so many years, that you may well settle quietly down at last."

"To do that, one needs a home; and—and—some one in that home."

"Both lie within your grasp."

"I do not understand you."

"In the old days, Mr. Clifford—the days when I first knew you, and when we were so happy together—I used to talk to you as if you had been my brother. Have I that privilege yet?"

"Oh, Regina, if you would only use it!" he murmured.

"Very well, Clifford!"

She held out her hand; he clasped it firmly for a moment. It was the pledge of a new relationship, to be more enduring than the old one—a quiet and steady friendship, calmer than the lost love, and yet—alas that we should say it!—far pleasanter and more satisfying to both!

"Now for my lecture!" she said, playfully. "I think you are throwing life away at present, Clifford."

"Ah, I do not need you to tell me that!"

"You might be very happy if you would."

"Show me how?"

"I have only to name a name."

"Let me hear it?"

"If I do, I shall betray one of my own sex; that I will not be guilty of, unless you promise to act upon the information I give you."

"If practicable, I will," said Clifford, whose cheek began to deepen in color.

"Helen Erlinford."

He drew a long breath.

"Are you sure, Regina?"

"Quite."

"Has she ever spoken of me to you?"

"Of course not! But you who profess to know women so thoroughly—"

"I profess it no longer!" he said, hurriedly. "I went astray once—since then I have never dared to judge them!"

"Well, at least I need not tell you that her silence is a sign in your favor."

"How long have you thought she—she cared for me?"

"For six years," was the quiet reply.

He started.

"Six years! Why it is only six years ago that you and I—that——"

"That you and I were engaged," she said, looking at him calmly. "I know it."

"How could you think it, *then*?"

"I thought it from the moment when I first saw you together," was the frank reply. "Women read each other very quickly; and I confess that I was jealous of her all the while, though I never confessed it to myself till after we parted."

"Strange!" said Clifford, musingly. She stole a glance at him. A peculiar expression lingered on his face. Pleased to the very heart at the news, he was yet a little annoyed that she could tell it to him so calmly. His vanity craved the double dose of her agitation and Helen's acknowledged love. She burst out laughing, and he turned to her with a blush.

"What have I done now, Regina?"

"Nothing. I was only amused at your looks. But now that I have enlightened you on this point, what are you going to do?"

"What am I to do?"

"Marry her, of course!"

"Yes," said Clifford, bitterly; "it would be very wise to ask her to share my lodgings in the Strand, or my rooms at an hotel, would it not?"

"Take a house, then," was the quiet reply.

"And with what, pray?"

"You have a good income, I believe. Your books sell well—and Mr. Erlinford will, of course, give his daughter a dowry."

It was Clifford's turn to laugh.

"I hope you will not be offended, Regina, if I say that your boy has almost as much knowledge of this heartless, fashionable world as you."

"Thank you."

"Do you for one moment suppose that—even if Miss Erlinford were quite willing to share my garret and my crust—her parents would allow her to do so? No, my dear friend. If that is the partner you propose, I must go on through life as solitary as now."

"Very well," she answered, shrugging her shoulders. "A wilful man must have his way! But don't grumble at me hereafter, if you miss this happiness. Some one else will come and ask for her. Do you suppose she will wait for you for ever?"

"On the contrary, I shall one day see Helen Erlinford happy with another, as I now see you. No, Regina, if I have had such a wild dream—and it may be, that it came to me not many hours ago, even—I am wide awake now, and I know it cannot be. If I was rich—"

"If! If! Well, what of 'If'"

"I would go at once and say, 'Helen, love me!' I am poor, and so I stay here with you, and only ask for your friendship!"

They were silent for some time. At last Regina said, "You went to Tasmania?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"Ah! and then where did I not go, Regina? I sought rest everywhere, and I found it not!"

"You never looked in the right place."

"You found it!"

"Yes. Though, perhaps, I deserved it no more than you!"

"Are you quite happy?"

"Quite. I love my husband very dearly; though I own I did not when I married him. And my child, of course, is dear. But that is not all, Clifford—that is not all that makes me so content."

"What remains?"

"What, indeed?" she said, sadly. "I should have asked that question once, I know. How strange it is, Clifford, that while we yearn and struggle so after poor frail human love, we never give one thought or wish to the Divine!"

"You have found that as well"

"I trust so."

They were at the door of Charlemount House as she spoke.

"Will you come in?"

"May I?" he asked with a peculiar look and she smiled and proceeded him up the steps. Two or three obsequious servants came forward to show Clifford to the drawing-room, while the Countess herself went in search of Charlemount.

She found him in the library, looking over the morning paper, while the little Lord Erlinford played quietly in one corner of the room.

"Well, my love?" he said, looking up at her with a smile.

"I have brought some one home with me, George!"

"Who—who is it?"

"Clifford."

How lazily she spoke that word now! He smiled, remembering the time when he had not dared to breathe it before her.

"And so Clifford is beneath this roof once more! He comes with more pacific intentions, I trust, than he did the last time, Regina."

A momentary shudder flitted over her face.

"Where is he?"

"In the morning room, George."

"I detest that morning-room: it is always so full of glaring light. Why should not Clifford come here, Regina?"

"I know no reason."

The Earl rang the bell, and gave an order to Howe, who answered it. A peculiar smile hovered around the man's thin lips as he ushered Clifford into the room. The author noticed it. He remembered the servant's face—he had been present at that foolish duel. Doubtless, he remembered it, and was smiling at the strange turn affairs had taken. It seemed a thousand years ago, as he came up to Charlemount, and took his hand once more.

"Here is a new candidate for your friendship," said the Earl, drawing the little boy forward. "Stuart, shake hands with this gentleman, and remember through life that he was to me like a brother."

The child obeyed, looking up with his mother's smile into the author's face.

"*If my father and mother love you*, I shall love you, *too*," he announced, gravely. "And Aunt Helen—does Aunt Helen love you?"

"He means Miss Erlinford," said Regina, roguishly; and Clifford's face turned crimson as the boy repeated his question.

"I am sure I cannot tell," he stammered, at last.

"I will ask her the very next time I see her."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Stuart!" said Regina, coming to the rescue. "Where is that wonderful tower you were building? Bring the bricks, and I will help you. Your father and Mr. Clifford wish to talk about politics, and we are very much in their way."

The Earl's eyes followed his wife and child, as they knelt in the distant corner over their playful task. Clifford also turned that way. They both smiled.

"Regina is only a year or two older than the boy, I think," said Charlemount. "I have no doubt she thoroughly enjoys the sport; and if I were to go and topple the tower over, she would be far angrier than Stuart. But we will leave them to themselves. Tell me what you have been doing through all these years."

"They are a blank, my lord," said Clifford, with a melancholy smile.

"And what has made them so?"

"Heaven knows—I don't!"

"You are sadder than you used to be!"

"I am older!"

"Why, so am I, for the matter of that. And yet each year seems to find and leave me more contented than the last!"

"You and I are somewhat differently situated, my lord," said Clifford, bitterly. "You have rank and wealth, and a happy home—" He paused, and looked towards Regina and the child, with a glance so full of melancholy that the other could scarcely feel a pang of jealousy. Charlemount gazed at him in silence. This was his work. How was he to repair it?

"You have far more talent than I," he said at last.

"Yes; and a fine chance of displaying it!"

"Of course!"

"I may write novels which will sell at a guinea per volume—poems which will bring me three guineas a page—newspaper 'leaders'—possibly a speech or two for some ambitious member of Parliament; and when the wear and tear of brain is over, and the guineas spent, what then—what then, my lord?"

"I do not understand you."

"What will it all amount to in the end? The little paltry fame I may acquire will make me lie no easier in my grave, when I am once lucky enough to get into it; the guineas will not last for ever; and there is not one soul on earth to care for the life I live here, or the name I leave behind me. I have had serious thoughts, lately, of throwing down the pen for ever, and taking up the mattock and the spade in its stead. By industry and perseverance, I should earn enough to support life. Or I might be a bricklayer—anything—anything but what I am," he added, wildly—"the loneliest and most miserable man upon God's earth!"

Charlemount had been listening silently. Now, however, his brow grew dark, and taking Clifford's hand in both his, he whispered, as he looked at the playmates in the corner, "Answer me, as one honest man would answer another—is it because you have lost *her* that you are so wretched?"

"No!" said Clifford, in a low tone, looking steadily into his anxious eyes. "I was miserable enough at first; but that was long ago. That pain is all over, and with *this* she has nothing to do!"

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor!"

Charlemount dropped his hand, murmuring,

"Thank God for that!"

"You will understand," said Clifford, in the same low tone, "that I could not meet her again without emotion. She felt none; she had forgotten everything. I still remembered some things, and my hand trembled when hers was calm and steady. But I have put down that last lingering weakness now. The Regina I loved died long ago. The Countess of Charlemount is as a dear sister to me—no more!"

"No more!" repeated the Earl, with a sigh. "That is well! to lose her must be pain enough for any man to bear! To love her still, having lost her—good heaven! it would drive me mad!"

His strange manner startled Clifford inexpressibly; and a suspicion, so dim and faint as hardly to deserve the name, crossed his mind for the first time. It faded away again, as Regina, looking up when the Earl raised his voice, came towards them. There could have been no treachery—he was mad to think it. She had chosen him freely, and how she loved him now! She leaned on his arm, and looked up at him with the old, playful smile, which Clifford remembered so well.

"What are you quarrelling about now? The Prime Minister, or the Corn Laws?"

"It was about the prime minis-tress, my love!" said the Earl, playfully. "We were talking of you!"

"You might have had another subject. Mr. Clifford looks sad and pale. I am quite certain you have bored him terribly, while I have been building my tower."

"Mr. Clifford is weary, but not of me or of you, Regina, I trust!"

"Of what, then?"

"Of the world!"

"That is part of his profession," she answered, without looking up. "A poet needs only three, or rather four things, for his stock in trade."

"And what may they be?" asked Clifford.

"Paper," she said, numbering on her white fingers; "pens, ink, and a tolerable amount of misanthropy—enough to make him subscribe to that insufferable jargon of—

"'I have not loved the world, nor the world me,
But let us part fair friends;'

which every one has imitated or parodied since Lord Byron died. What has the poor old world been doing to you now, Mr. Clifford?"

"Nothing more than usual," was the somewhat sulky reply.

Clifford did not like being laughed at—least of all by Regina.

"My dear, you should not tease him!" said the Earl. "He is low-spirited and lonely, and—and—"

"And—an!——You are a goose, George!" she said, laughing. "I have no doubt you have been complaining of your own evil fortune, if the truth was told! You two have been sighing in sympathy ever since Stuart and I turned our innocent backs upon you!"

"There is no evil in my *lot now!*" said Charlemount, looking at her fondly. "I have nothing but blessings—little as I deserve them!"

"Mr. Clifford might have the same if he chose; though, I dare say, he is quite as undeserving as you, in your mock humility, pretend to be. I am quite out of patience with him because he will not take the 'good the gods provide' him, and set about being happy as fast as possible."

"I have already given you reasons," cried Clifford, impatiently, which ought to be sufficient and satisfactory, if you had the least—"

He checked himself, but she added, with a provoking little courtesy,

"Bit of common sense, you were going to say. Thank you! I have none of that desirable article, but George has; and you may ask him if everything you said was not sheer nonsense."

"What has he said, Regina?"

"Why, that he——Look at that child's eyes! they are as large as saucers! Go to your castle, Stuart, dear, and I will come in a few moments."

The child trotted off contentedly, and Regina went on—

"That he will never speak out *freely* to a certain fair friend of ours, because he is poor!"

"Fudge!"

"There!—I knew he would say so, Clifford; and he knows far more about her feelings than I do. I only 'guess,' as the Yankees say; but Charlemount's information is to be depended upon."

"And what may that be?"

"What I have already told you. She cares for him—does she not, George?"

"Care is not the word, Regina. She *loves* him!"

"Well, you might at least leave her to tell him so, you stupid creature! It would sound much better from her lips than from yours, that are covered with a horrible beard! What blundering creatures men are, George!"

The Earl smiled, and stroked his beard, well knowing how much Regina secretly admired that patriarchal ornament. Clifford mused, as he walked up and down the room with his hands behind him. At last he stopped before the two.

"You really advise me to speak, Charlemount?"

"Indeed, I do, Clifford!"

"And you, Regina?"

"You know very well what I think. I suppose you will wish to employ me as an ambassador next?"

"Not I!" said Clifford, so hastily that she burst out laughing.

"I would plead in your favor. But will you really go?"

"I will!"

Regina clapped her hands, and executed a little playful dance around the two gentlemen. It put Clifford in mind of her return to him from Italy, and he could not help sighing.

"Dear Helen! she will be happy at last," she cried. "And I shall call her my sister!" Her face grew sad suddenly, and she leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, and thought of her dead friend.

Charlemount also had grown use to a name, and he heard it now without any outward sign of emotion.

"My love," he whispered, "there is the pocket borough of Erlinford. You shall give it to Clifford! Once in Parliament, and our cousin Hugh will scarcely have the heart to object to him!"

"Regina looked up with a bright smile, and repeated the Earl's offer aloud.

"Will you accept it?" she asked, and held out her hand.

Much moved, Clifford took it and Charlemount's in his own.

"My dear friends—"

"Yes or no, Clifford?"

"Yes, Regina!"

"That's a good boy!" she cried, approvingly. Then, turning to the table, she gathered up his hat, gloves, and cane, and, putting them into his hand, pointed to the door.

"Go!"

"Go?"

Clifford looked utterly bewildered, so did the Earl, and the latter ventured to remonstrate.

"My dear, what can you mean?"

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Were there ever two such idiots? Why, where should he go, except to Helen? And to think that I should have to remind him of it! Come back to dinner, Clifford! I know we are engaged; but I am going to be taken ill directly—so fill, that I cannot go out! Will you be sure to come back?"

"Yes," said Clifford, laughing.

"Well, there—don't lose another minute, and good luck to you! We dine at seven—don't forget it!"

She led him to the door, and gave him a parting smile. How strange it seemed to both, that *she* should speed *him* upon an errand like this! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ROYAL "SPANKING."

A gentleman of Rochester professes to have been an eye witness to the following scene:—Some thirteen or fourteen years ago, her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince consort, and the royal children, visited Scotland in the royal yacht, and called at Aberdeen, and of course the loyal inhabitants of that city turned out in large numbers. A guard of honor formed in all the glory of black broadcloth and white kids, paraded on the edge of the dock, while thousands were assembled a little further back, to gaze on the spectacle of an anointed Queen. Her Majesty good naturedly remained on deck to gratify the curiosity of the bonny Scots, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, then a child of five or six years old. The Prince, like other boys of his age, being of a destructive turn, began to pull at the tassel of a splendid sofa on the deck, in a manner that threatened to detach it. His mother observed the act, and ordered the boy to desist. He did so, but as soon as her back was turned, seized the tassel again, and gave it another jerk. In an instant the Queen turned, and seizing the luckless heir-apparent of England by the "scruff of the neck," elevated one of her feet upon the sofa, hoisted the youngster over her knee, adjusted him in the position mutually familiar to parents, and children generally, when such ceremonies are to be performed, and gave him a sound spanking. It is an interesting fact that the illustrious sufferer kicked and bellowed under the afflictive dispensation, quite as lustily as children of lowlier birth. The amazed silence with which the spectators witnessed the example of royal discipline, was suddenly broken by a tremendous roar of laughter, which could not be suppressed by any thought of decorum, respect for the Queen, or sympathy for the victim of her displeasure. The explosion recalled the royal mother to a sense of her position, and having turned toward the crowd for a moment, her face suffused with crimson, she hastily descended into the cabin, and was seen no more by the expectant population."

☞ In Paris, when dealers of precious stones purchase rubies, they behead a live pigeon so that the blood of the bird shall fall on a sheet of white paper, alongside the gem, as a test of its color; the blood of the pigeon being a standard of color and transparency.

☞ THE FRENCH EMPEROR "WIDE AWAKE."—There is a story current that Louis Napoleon, on the day of the volunteer review, was seen under a tree in Hyde-park, dressed in shooting jacket and wide awake, and with his everlasting cigar in his mouth. At least, so says a man who knew him well when the Emperor lived in London, and often lounged about Hyde-park for want of something better to do. Stranger things have happened. Charles Edward, it is said, had an interview in London with George III.; and the Great Napoleon is reported to have once run over to have a quiet chat with Pitt.

☞ Matthews, the actor, being asked what he was going to do with his son (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect), "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going *to draw houses*, like his father does."

☞ Murat one day complaining to Nausouty that the cavalry had not vigorously executed a charge, Nausouty replied, "The horses have no patriotism; the soldiers fight without bread, but the horses insist on oats."

☞ "Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel: "how in the world did you get so black?" "Why, look a here massa, de reason am dis—de day dis chile was born dar was an eclipse."

☞ It being hinted to a barrister, who was wearying the court with a long and dull argument, that he ought to bring it to a close, he angrily replied, "I will speak as long as I please!" "You have spoken longer than you *please* already," said his antagonist.

☞ PRAYING FOR A PARTNER.—The Hungarian ladies are passionately fond of dancing. A lady told Mr. Paget that, in her dancing times, she well remembered that she never said her prayers for her "daily bread," without adding, "and plenty of partners at the next ball, I beseech thee."

THE RECENT MOUND EXHUMATIONS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEWARK, Aug. 20th, 1860.

Mr. Editor:—By the Saturday Evening Post of August 11th, I observe an article on the exhumation of a coffin and a human skeleton from a mound near Linnville, Ohio Now, this kind of extravagance is all wrong, not in yourselves, but in the person who first gave the information; he should have first ascertained what really was the fact. But in anxiety to be the first to give to the world what appeared to be a remarkable curiosity, he could not wait until the truth was really produced. In this way—and such would be the case with that statement, if not arrested—false accounts and untrue assertions get into what is termed authentic history, and are then everywhere read and related as fact. This ought not to be—I am sorry such extravagance has any countenance whatever. Our histories should give only what is known to be the truth, and falsehood should always be cried down whenever it is known to exist, and our histories should give just what are the facts, and nothing more: especially those describing our ancient monuments of an extinct people. They, above all, should describe just what does exist with truth and accuracy. But oh, how lamentable! there is not one of the great books on American antiquities that, with all the cost of exploration and publishing, is worth much more than the paper required to make them, except for the information imparted as to the existence of such works, and their locality; otherwise the books on antiquities thus far published are of little value. There is not one of the whole number that is really what it should be—a truthful, accurate, careful, scientific and critical describer of what does exist in the locality. I have not the least hesitation to meet any author upon any of the ground over which I have been, in regard to the attestation of what I say. I am ready, at any time, to do so, without the least fear of having to retract or meet with a defeat. The accounts of the great works in the vicinity of Newark, Ohio, are a miserably garbled collection of misrepresentations. Scarcely anything by drawings or by description corresponds with what is shown upon the ground. Extravagance and carelessness have destroyed all the verity that should be contained in a description of so important and extensive a collection of ancient works as these are.

There is also another in Perry county, Ohio, the most important, in regard to the development of its own extreme antiquity, of any in Ohio, if not in the United States. What does the world know of the curious and astonishing development of facts there exhibited? Can any one ascertain, from the untruthful and meagre account given of it by C. Atwater, in the first volume of Archæologia Americana, p. 147; or procure any information beyond the mere existence of such a ruin from what is related on pp. 13–14 of Article 7 in the third volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge?" Is such relations as that given there of one of the most interesting and instructive monuments in the United States a "contribution to knowledge?" Can the suppression of what is most useful and valuable be a "contribution to knowledge?" Can science be advantaged by leaving to decay among mouldering ruins that which is her most important element, and taking what emanates from the fanaticism of a wild enthusiast, or the uncertain declarations of those who wish to be foremost?

Now, I am the person who had the remaining portion of that coffin taken out, and only for the sake of truth do I undertake to give you a fair and honest statement regarding the facts of its exhumation. Science, in her purity, is nothing in the world but truth alone, and for God's sake let her never have any other kind of dress to appear abroad in.

About a mile south of Jacksontown, a village on the national road, six miles south of Newark, Ohio, there formerly stood one of the largest stone mounds, probably, in Ohio, and which Delafield, in his work on antiquities, says is the only stone work north of Mexico.—Herein he is grossly mistaken. Some ten or twelve years ago, the State was in want of a large lot of protection stone for the banks of the reservoir, and this being the only convenient lot for that purpose, arrangements were made for them, and teams employed to haul them away. Only such as were of suitable size were taken; the smaller ones were thrown to one side in selecting those suitable. An idea of the pile can be formed from the statement made to me, and which was as follows: I was told that six een two-horse teams were daily employed for three successive summer seasons to draw away stone from that place, and that often a hundred loads a day were carried away. Now, at one hundred days' hauling for each summer season, as many as 25 000 loads of stone were taken away, and there are full as many more there yet. The mound was a true pyramid, over forty feet high, standing upon a true circular base of 182 feet in diameter. Upon removing this mass, it was found that near the verge or pyremeter of this base, and within the circumference, there had been erected, as near as could be ascertained, some ten or fifteen, or maybe twenty small mounds of clay, about eight feet high, and then over the whole of these, as they stood in a circle within the circumference of the base, was erected this enormous pile of stone—making one mighty mound covering all those smaller ones, of which there had been no knowledge prior to the removal of the stone.

In 1853, a certain William Parr, residing near by, became curious to find out what might be found in those clay mounds; and accordingly opened one of them. In coming down to near the original surface, he discovered what he presumed to be an old log of wood; a portion of this, between two and three feet in length, he cut off with his axe, and on removing which he discovered its having the appearance of an old trough, placed upon two wooden sills, with crosties over the top of them, on which this trough was placed. On removing the part cut off, he discovered it to be lined with a material that resembled coarse carpeting, but so fragile as not to admit of removal. He then proceeded to examine the remaining portion of the trough by further uncovering and throwing out the earth, and found that this fabric, called by him carpeting, had extended over the whole interior of the trough. He also found some teeth, and a few small pieces of an extremely thick skull bone and a locket of very beautiful black hair, which also mouldered to earth on exposure; and at about the place where it would be presumed the breast of the corpse was situated, judging from the position of the hair, the few teeth, and bits of skull, Mr. Parr found ten copper rings or wristlets, of about three inches diameter, and of about the thickness of a crayon or Faber's pencil, lying on the top of each other. The above was all that Mr. Parr found. He left the greater portion of this coffin in the earth and unmoved, distributed all the rings but four among his friends as specimens of curiosity, and no more was said about the affair until within a few weeks ago, when I learned that Mr. Parr had some copper rings that were taken out of this stone mound.—Having a desire to examine them, I sent my son, a young man of about 23 years of age, to borrow them for a few days, when Mr. Parr related to him the history as above, by taking him to the place A fragment of that portion of the coffin that was thrown out was brought home by my son, which, together with what he related, raised an excitement to obtain the whole. The next day I took some men to the place, and had the remaining portion taken out. It proved to be one-half of an oak log nearly eight feet long, evidently hollowed out with the use of hot stones, and by chopping with stone or copper axes. The marks of such chopping could be plainly and plentifully seen. It was a very rude and rough concern, of the swamp oak variety, placed in a kind of basin-shaped depression, that appeared to be lined with a species of impervious clay that kept it imbedded in water to the depth of some ten or twelve inches. This is what preserved it.—We found nothing else; no skeleton with his arms folded over his breast; nor the twelve rings as the representatives of the twelve tribes of Israel; no, not even Moses or the ten commandments, nor do we anticipate such a discovery; but we do hope that we shall be able to put nothing forth to the world but what is true, and will stand the test of such examination—a true representation of what may be seen upon the described premises, and described, too, as it really is, with all its accompaniments, which none of the descriptions in any of the books dare to contend for successfully. Indeed, the human family have but very little information of the many and very important facts so prominently displayed among all our ancient works, and so carelessly neglected by all our antiquarian book-makers. If any of this is doubted, let them call upon me to point out the facts. I am ready and prepared to meet any of them at any time, with a full exposition of the errors committed, and prove that that which is given to the world is unfaithful and untruthful. DAVID WYRICK.

LORD RENFREW.—If Jenkins report correctly, the Prince of Wales, travelling as Baron Renfrew, will go to Hamilton, Canada West, to Chicago, where he will stay one day, then across the prairies to St. Louis, where he will stay one day. Returning he will stay two half days at Baltimore, two days at Washington, and two days at Philadelphia. He will reach Philadelphia about the 9th of October; reach New York on the 11th; attend a ball in New York on the 12th; and probably visit Boston about the 14th. Inspect Harvard University the next day; leave for Portland on the 17th, and sail from that port about the 19th of October. In the United States he will travel strictly as a private gentleman. He is said to have been greatly amused with the extra-eulogistic notices of him which certain of the New York papers have published, and to have laughed heartily at Jenkins's stupidity in thinking that because he, the Prince, is left handed, his mother had forbade his giving his right hand to any rank less than royalty!—*Press.*

APPLES.—The editor of the Germantown Telegraph has been taking a tour through Northern Pennsylvania, and in giving an account of his journey he says:

"During the trip we saw on every side the apple trees laden with fruit. There was not an orchard, however neglected, but that contained more or less fruit. People everywhere told us that this would be the greatest apple season experienced in twenty years. Many trees were propped by numerous poles. Cider-presses were being rejuvenated, and the farmer was jubilant at the prospect of full bins and barrels, and plenty of 'schnitz.'"

This will be good news to the lovers of apples. Peaches are very scarce, but if apples are plentiful we can afford to dispense with peaches.

A NEW MOTOR FOR STREET RAILROAD CARS.—A Pittsburg paper speaks of a new invention in regard to the application of compressed air to the propulsion of city railroad cars. The cars can be run with more than ordinary speed, from six to eight miles, with six hundred pounds of air. It can be charged at one terminus, and run both ways of one of our city railroads without recharging. A miniature model is now being used, and is a decided success. It is run by the force of compressed air, to be contained in some fifty tubes, which are charged from an air pump of very great power. The pipe runs lengthwise upon the top, under the bottom and seats, and between each of the windows of the car.

PHYSICIANS FEES IN BURMAH.—In Burmah, when a young woman is taken ill, her parents agree with the physician, that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her full value. It is stated that successful physicians have large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

☞ ENGLISH KINGS.—It has been remarked that this country is best governed by a woman, for then the government is carried on by able men; and George IV. is like a woman, for he minds only his own amusements, and leaves the affairs of the country to his ministers, instead of meddling himself, as his father did. He is just what a King of England should be, something to look grand, and to hang the robes on.—*Autobiographical Recollections. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A.*

☞ A commercial traveller passing through Westcd, near Bridgewater, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agonsqrdere," he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that "Agnes were cured here."

☞ A west-country editor asserts that he was "born a *gentleman*." The utmost that an ordinary person can claim is that he was born a *gentle baby*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Fulton brings Southampton advices to the 22d inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It was expected that Parliament would be prorogued on the 24th inst.

In the House of Commons, on the 16th ult., Mr. Hennessy called attention to a letter from Col. Styles, aid-de-camp to Garibaldi, which was published in the Times, inviting volunteers to join Garibaldi. He called on Government not to sanction this violation of International law.

Sir J. Shelly said it was unfortunate Mr. Hennessy did not raise his objections when Irish subjects left Ireland to enter the service of the Pope. He trusted the gallant fellows who joined Garibaldi would be better treated and more fortunate than those who went to the defence of the Pope.

Lord Palmerston said Government had no knowledge of any enlistment in England for the service of Garibaldi; but if the fact of any such enlistment was discovered, immediate steps would be taken for putting a stop to it. Lord Palmerston also said that Government had received no information as to the alleged landing of Garibaldi in Calabria.

On the 17th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone moved for an additional vote of $2,000,000 for Government requirements, by way of exchequer bills. He said this increase in the estimate was attributable to the present prospects of the harvest, which, if bad, would entail considerable additional expenditure on the Government. After some opposition, the resolution was agreed to.

Lord Palmerston, in reply to inquiries, said that Government would do all in their power to prevent the King of Dahomey from carrying out his contemplated sacrifice of human life. His lordship also stated that the British Commission to Syria had received instructions to demand the restoration of the Christian women carried off and sold by the Druses.

The wheat harvest had partially commenced in the south of England, and the crops were reported good. The weather, however, continued wet and unsettled, and hot sunshine was much needed.

FRANCE.—The weather in France continued very variable, with much rain.

It was stated that the French Government had sold to Piedmont, at a reduced rate 50,000 rifles and a certain number of heavy guns, with powder and ammunition, and that a further quantity would also be supplied.

NAPLES.—On the night of the 12th, the steamer Veloce disembarked one battalion of Garibaldian volunteers in Calabria. The Neapolitans kept up a brisk fire during half an hour.

On the 13th, the Castiglia attempted, but without success, to capture a Neapolitan steamer. The Fulminante fired upon the Castiglia.

The Paris *Debats* affirms that the Neapolitan Home Secretary was cognizant of Garibaldi's late visit to Naples, and that he has accepted the post of Provisional Governor of Naples for King Victor Emmanuel. Lately 26,000 stand of arms, 700 prime shells, and a million and a half cartouches were secretly landed there.

A Calabrian who was arrested at Faro confessed to having received money from Count D'Aguila to assassinate Garibaldi.

Two thousand volunteers had been recruited in Greece for Garibaldi.

Captain Styles, aid de camp and agent in London for Garibaldi, states that Garibaldi's object is to raise an English battalion of eight hundred men. Five hundred names have already been received, many of the highest respectability, and some of independent means. The object was also to raise money to equip the battalion, as all the money and ammunition which Garibaldi had at his command he required for the troops he now has.

Naples telegraph of the 14 h announces that the electoral committee had been dissolved.

Naples despatches of the 16th state that tranquility still prevailed in that city; also in Calabria and the Abruzzi.

Garibaldi continued to reconnoitre the Neapolitan Littoral.

Fifteen hundred Garibaldians had disembarked in Calabria, and had been joined by two thousand insurgents, and had withdrawn into the mountains.

The preparations for the defence of Naples were continued.

Col. Cosenz, with 4,000 volunteers, had quitten Taormina, taking the direction of the main land.

Fifteen hundred men, with arms and tents, from Sardinia, had landed at Naples, but were compelled to re-embark.

It is asserted that two companies of Neapolitan dragoons have joined the insurgents.

SARDINIA.—It is affirmed that Sardinia continued her war preparations with much activity.

The fortifications of Bologna are now in a formidable state, and Piacentia, which Austria evacuated, is now a first-rate stronghold. Lucca and Florence have revived their old gun foundries, and France had furnished 50,000 rifles from the Government arsenals. The hum of military preparations in Northern Italy is loud and incessant.

AUSTRIA.—According to the Elberfeld *Gazette*, the report that Austria had directed her embassador at Paris to declare that she would not suffer any further revolutionary proceedings in Italy, is unworthy of credit.

It is stated that equality in civil and political matters is to be proclaimed for all Austrian subjects of whatever creed, on the anniversary of the Emperor's birth.

The Austrian Marine budget is to be increased one hundred million florins.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton is firm. Flour had advanced about 1s during the week; though on Tuesday the weather was in fine condition, and the advance above reported was partially lost, in consequence. The Breadstuffs market closed quiet.

Corn has advanced 6d. The following are the quotations with which the market opened on Tuesday: American flour 29@32s; Red Wheat 10s 6d; White 11s 6d@13s 3d. Corn—mixed and yellow 34s@34s 3d: white 36.

Provisions continue dull. Beef heavy. Pork dull. Bacon quiet but firm. Lard steady. The sale of 150 tons is reported at 62s 6d for fine.

SINGULAR STORY.—A curious fact reaches us, that a claimant has risen to the whole wealth, the estates, cash, plate, and so forth, of a great nobleman. We must deal in the mysterious with regard to the title, and will call him Lord M——y. The amount of the despoliation will be two millions sterling; and the lawyer who has speculated in substantiating the claim receives the large fee of £45,000. Many years ago the uncle of this Scotch nobleman was obliged to disappear from the world, and hide in obscurity, on account of a deed of some darkness. He left Scotland in all haste with his family—no one knew whither, save his youngest brother, and to that brother he made over, for his lifetime, the whole of his estates, with the understanding that they were to revert to the children of the forced absentee. The fugitive lived under a feigned name; and it appears his family were brought up in penury—so poor, indeed, that the children gained their bread by daily toil in a factory at Nottingham. The lord died, and the secret of his destiny with him. After sixteen years, however, a sudden light burst upon the only survivor, a Mrs. Stuart. She searched into the truth, found her claim real, and submitted them to a clever lawyer, who has brought matters to the issue that restitution by law, or by a willing recognition of the claim, is about to be made by the nobleman.—*London Paper.*

A PARAGRAPH has for some time been going about the papers in which Mr. Johnson, the principal of a school in Blairstown, N. J., is charged with having publicly read a letter written by a young lady to one of his pupils, thereby causing a mortification which resulted in suicide. The teacher thus referred to, says that the tale is, in every particular, a falsehood.

NEWS ITEMS.

A PORTLAND paper says that Gen. Tom Thumb is to take a wife from that city, not only "one of Portland's fairest daughters," but "the handsome and accomplished daughter of one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens." She is said to be "pretty, below the ordinary height, and heiress to quite a large estate."

THE San Jose Reporter mentions a specimen of cinnabar from the Enrequita quicksilver mines, which was literally a nugget of pure mineral. Instead of the quicksilver being in the usual form, it was actually in a liquid state, and would drop from the ore in small globules by being slightly shaken.

CAPTAIN TRAVIS, the celebrated Kentucky pistol-shot, is in Memphis, giving lessons. He advertises a match between himself and some of his pupils, in which it is agreed that they are to shoot fifteen times each, the Captain's balls to first strike the floor, and, rebounding, to *lodge* nearer the centre of the target than the balls from his opponent's pistol, who is to shoot in the ordinary way, taking deliberate aim.

A YOUNG lady of Richmond, Va., is passionately fond of the piano, and has an absorbing love for music. She recently became so violently absorbed that she struck the keys with such force as to break her forefinger near the first joint.

THE daughter of Count Rainsondi, who accepted the hand of Garibaldi, but from whom he separated himself immediately after the performance of the nuptial ceremony, on receipt of a letter informing him that she was about giving birth to a child by a previous lover, is now residing in Freiburg, in Switzerland, and persists in calling herself Madame Garibaldi.

A WORK recently published at Cambridge, England, on the figure of the earth, gives as a well established fact that the water of the sea at the mouth of the Indus, is elevated as much as 650 feet above that at Cape Comorin, the southern extremity of Hindostan. The author, Rev. George Pratt, Archdeacon of Calcutta, ascribes this difference of height to the attractive influence of the Himalaya mountains.

THE African King of Dahomey intends sacrificing two thousand persons in honor of his deceased father, and floating a canoe in their blood. It would seem that this is not the first case in which His Majesty has manifested his extreme filial devotion. Mr. Fitzpatrick, late Chief Justice of the Gold Coast, writes to the London News, and says that this very King, a few years ago, sacrificed four hundred persons on the grave of his mother.

OLLENDORF, whose name appears on most grammars of foreign languages used in the United States is not a myth, as many suppose, but a substantial member of the human family, who has amassed a large fortune from his grammars. He resides in Paris, and frequently advertises in the London Times, in order to caution the public against the many bongus Ollendorfs, circulated under his name. He, however, plagairized his system from the last Jean Manesca.

THE RIVAL SOCIETIES.—The late Lyman Pease, of South Deerfield, Massachusetts, having left, among other bequests, over $5,000 to the American Tract Society, there is to be an appeal to the law, to determine whether the Boston or New York society shall take the money.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—It is estimated that the reception of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, will cost the Provincial Government of the Canadas, no less a sum than $1,000,000, independent of the vast amount spent by the different towns. At the ball in Montreal, the Prince entered the room at 10 o'clock, and opened the ball with Mrs. John Young as his partner. He participated in every dance but one—there were twenty-one sets—and left at about four o clock in the morning.

THOSE PROPHETS OF OLD!—How rich the following paragraph appears, which was originally printed in the English Quarterly Review, in March, 1825:—"We are not advocates for visionary projects that interfere with useful establishments. *We scout the idea of a railroad as impracticable!* * What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospects held out of locomotives travelling *twice as fast* as stage coaches! We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as to put themselves at the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate."

NEW MEXICO WOOL.—A train of 47 wagons, drawn by 460 cattle, and reaching nearly a mile in length, arrived in Kansas city, a few days since, from Fort Union and Santa Fe, New Mexico, where they had taken out Government supplies. They were all loaded with wool, of which they brought over 70,000 pounds.

A TRAVELLER recently coming from America to London brought a quantity of cigars with him in a box. Not wanting to pay duty for these cigars, he had a false top made to his box, in which he placed a couple of big rattlesnakes. On arriving at the custom-house the keys were demanded and given up, with a warning that the box contained poisonous snakes. The official being incredulous, opened the lid of the box in an off-hand, careless manner. Hearing the noise of the key in the lock, and seeing daylight admitted, the rattlesnakes woke up, and began to hiss and rattle away with their tails at a grand pace. Down went the lid of the box in an instant, and the box, rattlesnakes, and cigars, and all were allowed to pass without further and more minute examination.—*London Paper.*

A GENTLEMAN of Boston has offered a premium for the slowest horse entered at the horse exhibition, which commenced at North Andover, Mass., a day or two since.

A WOMAN in Baltimore committed suicide last week, because one of her daughters had married a poor, but honest young man.

THE title "Dixie," has become popular among the Mississippi boatmen. Two new steamers, at New Orleans, are to sail under that name.

"GARIBALDI, or the Irresistible," is the name of a new perfume offered for sale by a London soapmaker.

BLONDIN has been urged to desperation by the attempts of his rival to supplant him in the affections of the public, and advertises that he will, on the 29th, repeat the feat of crossing his cable at Niagara Falls with a man on his back.

CAPTAIN ELLSWORTH, of the Chicago Zouaves, has resigned his command, and will enter upon the study of law, in the office of Mr. Lincoln.

IT is remarkable, if we may believe the current rumors of the day, how the slave trade is progressing. It is stated that a regular fleet of vessels clear from different parts of the United States at the same time, and that distributed among them are stores and water to fit out two or three of them for slavers, and that when the coast is clear they all combine to aid the selected vessels in receiving stores and slaves with the greatest possible despatch. By these means seven or eight vessels may be all engaged in the slave trade, without having on board sufficient slave material to convict any of them.

THE attempts that have been made to recover the Atlantic Telegraph Cable have proved how erroneously it was constructed. The heavy wire covering, twisted round the central core and meant to constitute the main stay of strength, was found to be quite rotten, while the copper wires and gutta percha of the core were always in good condition. In some instances, the cable was lifted solely by the strength of the copper wires.

IT is definitely arranged that the Prince of Wales and suite will arrive in Philadelphia, from Baltimore, on Tuesday night, October 9th, and will remain until Thursday, October 11th, at noon. He will thus see Philadelphia on the eve of a municipal election, and at the most exciting period of the year.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT:

WAS IT A MIRACLE?

[From the Madison (Wisconsin) State Journal.]

It would seem, from an occurrence that has recently been related to us, upon perfectly reliable authority, that the age of miracles has not entirely passed away. The writer is well acquainted with the person who was the subject of the remarkable experience given below, having known him personally for the last twelve years; and though he has not met him since his singular relief from a congenital defect, has the particulars from persons in every way entitled to credit, who have seen him and received the story from his own lips.

Leaving our readers to determine for themselves how far the intervention of a miraculous aid may have contributed in the matter, and how far it was the result of mere natural or ordinary agencies, we give the story as it was told to us:—

The person in question is a gentleman residing in Beloit, in this State. From his birth he has suffered from lameness. The difficulty was in his right hip, the joint seeming to be out of place. His right leg was, in consequence, shorter than the other. It was shrunken and very weak; he always wore a boot with a thick sole upon it, and limped badly when he walked. In going up stairs he was obliged to step up one stair at a time with his well leg, and bring the other up to it, instead of putting it forward to the next, as persons usually go up stairs. When fatigued, he was accustomed to feel great pain in his hip.

Some two or three months ago he was in Chicago attending to some business matters which kept him for several weeks. He is a professor of religion, and while there attended a series of religious meetings, becoming very deeply interested in the subject. One Saturday, suffering from severe pain in his hip, he called upon a surgeon to have it examined and to ascertain whether something could not be done to alleviate the pain. Some interruption occurred, however, so that the examination was postponed until the following Monday.—That night, after going to bed, the pain continuing, it occurred to him whether or not, if he asked in the proper spirit, some Divine assistance might not be vouchsafed, as in the old time, when the prophets and apostles walked on earth. He arose from his bed, procured a light, and, taking his Bible, opened by chance to a chapter in the New Testament where Christ miraculously cures a lame man.

After reading it, he proceeded to invoke, in an earnest prayer, some similar intervention in his own behalf, and then feeling greatly cheered and supported by trust in the Divine beneficence, he again retired to rest, and soon fell asleep. During the night he dreamed that Christ came to him accompanied by a surgeon—the same upon whom he had called during the day. The surgeon examined his hip, and told him it could be relieved, but only by an operation. To this he raised some objection, desiring that it should be postponed; but the surgeon seemed suddenly to seize and overpower him, and with some instrument laid open his hip to the bone, and arranged the joint in its proper place. During the operation he had the impression of suffering a severe physical pain, as if really under the knife of a surgeon. After it, he had no further remembrance of anything until morning.

Upon rising, he found, to his utter astonishment, not only that his short leg was lengthened out so as to be even with the other, and his hip all right, but that he could walk without limping or inconvenience. He walked about the room several times, then put on his clothes and ran up and down stairs to assure himself that he was awake and no longer a lame man, but sound and whole. His joy and gratitude cannot well be described. He immediately discarded the boot with the false sole, which had hitherto been a necessity, and put on a pair that were mates. His leg was yet weak, though limping slightly from long habit, he could walk as straight as any other man when he chose. It has since grown stronger, and his general health very materially improved. He, of course, considers the cure a direct answer to his supplications. It is certainly a strange story, and we command it to the attention of Mr. Robert Dale Owen as a proper incident to find a place in the next edition of his "Footfalls."

SYMPTOMS OF LIFE IN ITALY.—Deeper and higher thoughts even than on political events are astir among the masses of the people of Central Italy. Various sects of Protestants are busily at work disseminating their doctrines and exhorting the lower classes, lately so closely hoodwinked by priestly intolerance, to search the Scriptures, which are now freely distributed through the country, for themselves, to see "if these things be so, or no." Many of the artisans, who, with their families, are constant attendants at these meetings, bring their Diodati Testaments in their pockets, for reference during the discourse; and I own to a strange feeling of wonder and unreality when, issuing last week from one of such assemblies, I followed an earnestly-conversing group of fellow-hearers on their way down Via Larga, and caught scraps of their eager discussion, respecting "free grace" and "justification by faith." The Waldense and the Italian Evangelical Churches have likewise their regular places of worship and week-day lectures. In short, the present aspect of Italy, intellectual and moral, may be characterized by the statement that on every hand, and in every class, is springing up the lavish manifestation of an intense life, proportioned to the numbness and sterility of the centuries of death which went before.—*Correspondent at Florence of the "Athenæum."*

THE TEXAS TROUBLES.—The Texas papers are still filled with alarming accounts of the disturbances in various portions of that State. We have carefully examined and compared the various reports, and although in the excitement and alarm which such occurrences necessarily create, some allowance must be made for exaggeration and vivid coloring, sufficient is known to show that the troubles are even more serious than at first supposed. Property to a very large amount has been destroyed, and a painful sense of insecurity naturally prevails in the infested regions. Nothing has as yet been developed to prove an organized conspiracy or a regular plan at overthrowing the institution of slavery. So far as we can judge, the disturbances are due to the gangs of desperadoes from the prairies, perhaps also from south of the Rio Grande, whose object is plunder, and who use the negroes as tools for their nefarious purposes. We trust that the summary and efficient measures adopted by the citizens will soon clear the country of these villains who have not even the excuse of fanaticism for their atrocities.—*Mobile Register.*

THE GLORIOUS LAW.—The People's Party recently erected a wooden wigwam in this city. Now, we have a law against the erection of *wooden* buildings—but, as the wigwam is only intended for a temporary affair, its builders did not like to go to the expense of brick. In this difficulty the District Attorney (an ardent party man) was appealed to. "There is a law against the erection of wooden buildings in the city proper," said Mr. Mann, "but there is nothing to prevent you from building a *shed*. The difference in the eye of the law between a building and a shed is that the building is enclosed, while a shed isn't. Take out one of the ends, and you're all right." So one end of the wigwam was taken down instanter—and the law was not violated!—for lo! the wigwam is not now a "building," it is only a "shed."

THE Prince of Wales, it is said, has huge hands and feet, and at the grand ball at Quebec wore a pair of very ill fitting white kid gloves, which were quite soiled!

DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL SAID TO BE FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.

FROM THE ROCHESTER UNION.

At half-past eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon, the little daughter of B. B. Davis, of this city, whose familiarity with a snake has been frequently noticed, died at the residence of her parents, on Centre street. The facts connected with her case we shall state and leave the public to draw their own inference.

A few weeks since when Mr. Davis resided on Monroe street, in the outskirts of the city, near a nursery where he was employed, this little daughter—less than two years old—was accustomed to go into the yard or field and play with a snake. How long these meetings had been held before the discovery b the mother is not known. At all events the mother one day found the child with the snake in its arms, and the little girl was fondling it and calling it her baby.

Subsequently the snake was seen in the yard and would run to the child whenever she was permitted to go out. The child lost its appetite and pined away, and constantly talked and thought of this reptile. Her mother took her darling to the city to divert her mind from the hideous object, but in vain. Under the advice of a physician who was called, the snake was not destroyed, and continued its visits to the premises at will, retreating to the field when any one but the child appeared.

At length Mr. Davis moved into the city and took a house on Centre street, hoping that the change would be advantageous to his child, and for a time she improved in health and took her food. Two weeks ago last Friday the child was taken ill and continued to sink until yesterday, when she died. She was subject to convulsions or spasms, which were very violent, and at no time could she take food and retain it in her stomach.

Her mother informs our reporter that she was attended by Dr. Fleming, who treated the child on the electrical principle, and she says that he found it a difficult case to treat, and expressed the belief that the snake had taken the electricity from the system of the child.

On the day following the Friday on which the child was taken so seriously ill, a Mrs. Davins, who occupies the house on Monroe street, vacated by Mr. Davis, called at the house he now occupies and stated that a German, named Conrad Kenchenbach, had killed the snake which had troubled the child on the day previous—the Friday on which she was taken ill.

The mother says that when the little girl heard the statement, she said, "Mamma, is baby dead?" and soon became worse.

There is not much doubt about the statement made, as far as the facts are concerned. The conclusions and inferences are quite another thing. The snake killed by Kenchenbach was about three feet long, and was doubtless the same seen by Mr. Davis and her family repeatedly with her daughter. Its being killed at the time the child became ill may have been a coincidence—probably was.

The child was two years and one month old when it died, and it was a very bright and interesting little girl. To what extent it was under the fascinating influence of the reptile we cannot say. We only give such facts as we have been able to gather.

WOULD NOT BE FREE.—A singular case came before Judge Ludlow, of the Court of Quarter Sessions, last week. An affidavit was presented by Passmore Williamson, setting forth that one Lina Conquest, a negro woman, and the slave of Wm. T. Conquest, was being illegally detained in this city. A writ was issued and the woman brought into court by her master. The judge asked her whether she was illegally detained, and whether she desired to return to Virginia as a slave again. She expressed a desire to go back, preferring the alternative of slavery to freedom. The judge thereupon dismissed the case, and the negress retired with her master. Mr. Williamson says that Lina sent for him, and requested him to institute the proceeding.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The advices from abroad have imparted a better feeling to the market, and with moderate receipts and stocks, most holders are indifferent about selling, and the price of flour is fully 25c ℔ bbl better than last week, with sales of 12,000 bbls to note, at $5,37½@5,50 for mixed and straight superfine; from $5,62½ up to $6 for extras, $5,62½@5,25 for family, and $6,37½@6,75 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality and freshness, including 1500 bbls good City Mills extra at $6, and 2500 bbls Western family flour chiefly Diamond Mills, on terms kept private; at the close the above rates were generally refused for mixed lots, and good straight superfine, which is comparatively scarce, was held at $5,75 ℔ bbl. The trade have been buying to a fair extent within the same range of prices for superfine and extra, and $6,75@7 ℔ bbl for fancy lots. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are more inquired for and scarce, and the former is wanted at $3,62½ ℔ bbl; of the latter, sales of about 1500 bbls are reported at $3,31½@3,37½ ℔ bbl, mostly at $3,33 ℔ bbl for Pennsylvania Meal.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of wheat continue very light for the season, and with a fair demand both for shipment and milling, prices are fully 5c ℔ bus better than last week, the market closing with an upward tendency. About 40,000 bus have been disposed of in lots, part for export, at $1,15 to $1,25 for inferior, $1,30 to $1,41 for common to prime reds, the latter for Southern, and from $1,35 to $1,57 for common to choice white, the latter Kentucky. Rye is also better, and all offered sold at 75@80c for new and old; the receipts are light. Corn comes forward slowly and prices tend upward about 20,000 bush having been disposed of at 70@73c for common to good and prime yellow, in store and afloat; the latter price is refused for prime yellow, which is scarce. Oats are unchanged, and 30,000 bus, mostly new Southern, sold at 33@36c for inferior to prime heavy Delaware, chiefly at 35@35½c for good lots. Some new Pennsylvania also sold at 35@36, and old do at 37@38c. Barley and malt are beginning to arrive, but no sales of any moment have been made public. Mill Feed is very firm and selling in lots at full prices.

PROVISIONS—The market generally is firm but quiet with a small business doing in Pork at $19,75@20 for Mess, and $15@15,50 for Prime. City Mess Beef ranges at $12@14 ℔ bbl, as to brand. Of Bacon, further sales of 300 hhds are reported to go South at 12@12½c for Sides, and 10@10½c for Shoulders, cash and time. Hams sell as wanted at 12@14c, as in quality. Green Meats are steady, but we hear of no large sales. Lard is held firmly at 13¾@13½c for bbls and tcs, and 13¾@13½c for kegs, with small sales at the close there is some inquiry to go out of the market. Butter is not so active, and packed sells at 10@13c ℔ lb, as in quality. Cheese is firmer, and New York is worth 10@10½c ℔ lb. Eggs move off at 12½@13c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The stocks and receipts are light, and the market is firm but active. The week's sales reach about 800 bales, mostly in small lots, at from 7 up to 13½c for inferior to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, including middling fair Uplands at 12½c, cash.

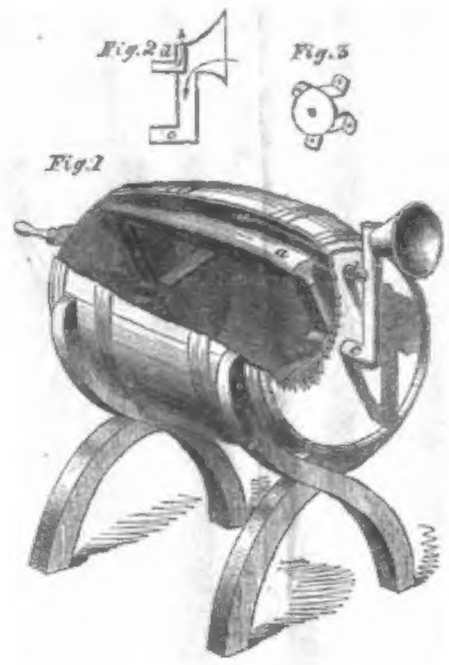
BARK is but little inquired for, the high rates of freight now current checking the demand for Quercitron, and 1st No 1 is freely offered and nearly nominal at $26,50 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark is also dull and quoted at $12@12,50 for Spanish, and $10@16,50 ℔ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce and wanted, with sales at 34@35c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market is firm and rather more active. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℔ ton $3,40@3,60; Prepared do, $3,40@3,60; Red Ash do, $3,60@3,70; Lehigh Lump $3,60; Prepared do, $3,60; by retail do, $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared $4,25.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet this week, but at the close there is a better feeling noticeable on the part of holders, and about 2000 bags have been disposed of in lots at from 13½ to 15c for Rio, chiefly at 14¼@14¾c; and 14½@15c for Laguayra, on the usual credit, mostly of the former.

COPPER continues dull, and we have only to note sales of Yellow Metal at 20c, on time.



ROHRER'S IMPROVED CHURN.

This is a modification of the barrel churn, the dashers *a*, *a*, being fashioned to fit very nearly the inner surface of the barrel, and with concave sides for beating the cream. Fig. 2 represents the construction of the tubes by which a circulation of air is produced, the air entering through the tube *c*, and passing out through the tube *d*. Fig. 3, illustrates the stop or pivot for supporting the dasher at the tube end of the barrel, it being made to stand out from the barrel head to give room for the entrance of the air behind it. The temperature of the air entering the churn is regulated by the simple plan of placing the apparatus at a greater or less proximity to the stove or fire in the room. This churn was invented by Henry Rohrer, of Strasburg, Lancaster county, Pa., and patented December 6, 1859.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and good Western sell in a small way at 50@52c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples range at $1@3 ℔ bbl; Peaches at 75c@$2,50 ℔ bkt, and Plums at $1,50@2,50 ℔ bush; Dried Apples are beginning to arrive, and we quote them at 4½@5c ℔ lb. Of Pea Nuts we notice sales of 600 bush Southern at $1,80 ℔ bush.

HEMP—There is nothing doing in American, and little or no stock out of the hands of manufacturers.

HIDES continue dull, and the sales, mostly in a small way, to supply the country trade at about previous quoted rates.

HOPS are quiet; there are no arrivals of the new crop, and the sales are limited to small lots of Eastern and Western at 8@12c ℔ lb, as in quality.

IRON—There is some little inquiry for Pig metal, and the sales are confined to small lots of Anthracite; about 1200 tons in all, at $22½@22¾ for No 1, $21½@22 for No 2, and $20@20½ for No 3, on time. Scotch Pig is quiet at $23@24 ℔ ton. No change in Blooms or Boiler Iron. In Rails and Bars the movement is also small, and mostly for immediate delivery at steady rates.

LEAD is rather lower, and the market has been more active; some 8000 pigs have been taken, mostly to arrive, at $5,62½ for foreign, and $5,75 the 100 lbs for Galena, equal to cash.

LEATHER—Good Spanish Sole and Slaughter continue scarce and command full prices, but other kinds are dull, and quotations about the same.

LUMBER is inactive, prices range at $14@17 for White, and $14@16 for Yellow Sap Boards, as in quality. A cargo of Yellow Pine Timber sold at $23, cash. Laths and Shingles are quiet.

MOLASSES—There has been very little movement in the market, and we are only advised of some small sales of Cuba Muscovado at from 26 to 35c, and 200 bbls New Orleans at 45c, on time.

PLASTER is arriving slowly, and sales are reported at $2,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is not so much doing, and Clover-seed is scarce and selling at $5,25@5,50 ℔ bus. Timothy is also quiet; some 600 bus sold at $2,50@2,75 ℔ bus, as in quality. The demand has fallen off. Domestic Flaxseed is arriving more freely, and the crushers are buying moderately at $1,62 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in foreign, and no change in prices. N. E. Rum sells more freely at 34@36c. Whiskey is very scarce, and all offered has been taken at 22c for Pennsylvania, bbls; 23c for Ohio do; 20½@21 for Drudge, and 21½@22c for hhds, leaving the market bare at these rates.

SUGAR—The market has been very dull this week, but holders at the close are rather firmer in their views. Sales include about 800 hhds, mostly for refining, at 6¾@7½c for Cuba, and 7¼@8c for Porto Rico, on time. Refined Sugars are ¼@½c lower.

TALLOW—There is very little doing, but city rendered is steady at 10½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—The trade are buying to a moderate extent only, at about previous quoted rates, and the market is rather dull.

WOOL—The market is very firm, but there is not so much doing this week, the high views of holders checking business, and about 150,000 lbs have been disposed of, with the range of 40@60c for common to full blood and fine fleece, including some choice clips at 63@65c ℔ lb net.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '67	100	—
" " '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" 6 " coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101½	101¾
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	94	—
Pittsburg, "	70	—
" " coupon	49	—
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County "	49	50
Penna 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	97	99½
Texas 6 "	91¾	92
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	69¾	—
Ohio " 1st	103¾	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91¾	92
N Y City, 1872-5	111	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	120	—
Far & Mec	102	103
Commercial	51	52
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	28½	—
Southwark	79	—
P Township	28	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	43½	44
Western	65	—
Man & Mec	26½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	63	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	95½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	60
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash. Tenn	80½	80
Planters "	100	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	1½
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	50
Bonds	94½	95

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	10⁰	102
2nd "	82	82½
stock	41	41½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1865	—	100
" stock	151	152
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	85	86
mort 6's '44	90¾	91
" '88	75½	76
stock	24½	22¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	55	56
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Chas Val R R, '75	80¾	—
Tenn R R, '75	—	95
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	71
2nd "	10	—
stock	1½	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	65¾	—
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	103	103½
6 pr ct loan	75½	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	58½	—
6 pr ct loan	99⁰	102
Mitchell R R	13½	14
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '33	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	12½	13½
bonds	62	65
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	63½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	12½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	75	75½
imp. 6 pr ct	58	—
stock	10½	10½
preferred	23½	24
Lehigh Nav stock	38	38½
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	61	62
Morris Canal'g	56½	56
preferred	115	116
Ches & Del	60	—
bonds	75	—
Union	9	—
bonds	—	39
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1877	2	4

A NEW YORKER.—The ropewalker of the Italian cognomen, Signor Farini, who has dimmed the lustre of Blondin's fame, proves to be the son of a Lockport (N. Y.) grocer. His name is Wm. Hunt.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.

One of the most attractive novelties to be seen in Philadelphia, is Mr. JAMES M. CLARK'S highly improved Flouring Mill, for which he received letters patent this year, and which is daily in operation at No. 409 Chestnut street, above Fourth. This newly invented flour mill possesses many highly ingenious and valuable features, and is constructed and finished in the most superior manner. In addition to its attractiveness as a great mechanical curiosity, it is acknowledged by competent judges to be the most valuable invention that has ever been offered to the public; and especially so to millers, mill owners, machinists, merchants, farmers, and capitalists. In the opinion of these classes of the business world, and also in our opinion, the great and leading characteristics of this improved flouring mill, are its economy, its durability, its efficiency, and its plain practical arrangement, which, together with many other obvious advantages possessed by it, are rapidly gaining for it a highly deserved and creditable reputation. It is a remarkable fact that this ingenious and efficient flouring mill, including the complete grinding and bolting machinery, occupies a space only four feet wide, eight feet high, and thirty feet long. Within this contracted space it converts the wheat, at a single operation, into extra family, extra, superfine, and fine flour, middlings, shipstuff, shorts and bran. Each of these mills, with a pair of French burr mill-stones only three feet in diameter, and requiring only a six-horse power, or but little more to propel the entire grinding and bolting machinery, will manufacture, on an average, two barrels of the most superior flour per hour, producing a barrel of excellent flour from four bushels and ten pounds of wheat.

One of the many novel and advantageous features embodied in this new flouring mill, is that the bolting machinery is so admirably constructed, that the extra family flour and the extra flour are first separated from the ground wheat on one portion of the bolting reel, and are thus finished without in the least degree receiving any admixture of the lower grades of flour, which otherwise would greatly impair the quality of the high grades of flour. After the highest grades of flour have thus been made of a pure quality, the improved cut-off and the auxiliary attachment, operating in conjunction with the other machinery, regrind and rebolt the partially bolted material: thus completing the operation by producing superfine flour, and the different kinds of offal. We have heard it stated by competent judges, that the result thus effected of manufacturing the extra family flour and the extra flour of a pure quality is the most valuable object ever achieved in the manufacture of flour. From the very limited space occupied by this compact, complete, and efficient flouring mill, it is obvious that there are thousands of establishments possessing steam or water power, in which one or more of these mills could, with the greatest convenience and at a cost of only a few hundred dollars, be put into operation, and which would realize to the owners a sure, continual, and handsome revenue. We would respectfully invite our readers to call at No. 409 Chestnut street, above Fourth, Philadelphia, and examine the construction and operation of this valuable flouring mill. Mr. JAMES M. CLARK, the patentee, is prepared to negotiate for the sale of his mills, and the patent rights for States and counties.

Mr. CLARK'S highly important and valuable discovery, patented the present year, for whitening and purifying wheat and rye, is also in daily operation at No. 409 Chestnut street. This great discovery is likely to effect a revolution in the manufacture of wheat into flour. It is apparent to all who examine the wheat before and after being subjected to the operation of this wonderful discovery, that the wheat, after being whitened, will command in market from five to fifteen cents per bushel more than the same wheat would in its unwhitened condition; and, that the flour made from the whitened wheat is worth seventy-five cents per barrel more than flour made from the same wheat in its natural state.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 1, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis

NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis

DELAWARE
Solv bks par to ½ dis

MARYLAND.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis
Solv bks ½ dis

NEW YORK.
Sol bks par to ½ dis

MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ½ dis

VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis

CONNECTICUT
Solv bks ½ dis

MASSACHUSETTS
Solv bks ½ dis

RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis

VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis

DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis

NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis

GEORGIA.
Solv bks ½ dis

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ dis

ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis

MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain

LOUISIANA
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis

OHIO.
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis

KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis

INDIANA.
State bank 1 to 1½ dis

ILLINOIS
Solv bks 2½ dis

MISSOURI
Solv bks 2½ dis

TENNESSEE.
Old bks 1½ dis

MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis

WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2½ dis

TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis

IOWA.
State bk 2½ dis

KANSAS.
Kansas Valley bk 5 dis

MINNESOTA.
Bank St. Paul 5 dis

CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

FLORIDA.
State bk 1 dis

It has been common to assign to California a population of 700,000. The late census shows that it does not exceed 400,000, and will probably fall within 350,000.

Among the preachers at the Second Advent camp meeting, at Wilbraham, is an Indian named Peter Noaka, whose exhortations are of the most earnest and hearty stamp.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2244 head. The prices ranged from $7,50 to 9,50 ℔ 100 lbs. 7000 Sheep were sold at from 7¾ to 8¾c ℔ lb. 841 Hogs sold at from $7,50 to $8,50 ℔ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS

Sept. 1.—FLOUR advanced; sales of 18,500 bbls at $5 50@5,60 for State, $5,95@6,15 for Ohio, and $5,90@6,20 for Southern. Wheat quiet. Corn quiet and less firm. The quotations are without change. Pork and Lard dull. Whiskey dull at 23½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 98 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
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MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. E. De Wolf, JOHN E. DIEHL, to MARY JOSEPHINE, daughter of the late Thos. Lulor, Esq. both of this city.

On Wednesday, Aug. 22, at St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J. by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Odenheimer, Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey, B. LLOYD JAMES, to Miss ANNE L. LANGSTON.

April 13th, 1858, at 242 Hanover Street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. EDWARD MCDANIEL, to Miss AMELIA MANN, both of this city.

July 2d, by the Rev. J. B. Ripley, Capt. ASA S. HUGHES, of North Truro, Mass. to Miss JANE E. MOLOY, of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. FRANK A. SMITH, of Maine, to Miss MARY T. BECK, of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Maxwell, JAMES MILLHOUSE, of Germantown, to ELIZABETH FULTON, of West Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Suddenly, August 28, 1860, at Jenkintown, Montgomery county, Pa., REBECCA S. HARVEY, aged 30 years.

On fourth-day morning, 29th ultimo, ELIZABETH THOMAS, in her 77th year.

At Wickford, R. I. on the 22d ultimo, after a short illness, ALFRED WRIGHT, of Providence, and formerly of Philadelphia.

Suddenly, on the 25th ultimo, CHARLOTTE F. wife of J. H. Pratt, in her 36th year.

On the 26th ultimo, BARZILLAI LEEDS, in his 75th year.

On the 22d ultimo, at New Milford, Susquehanna county, Pa., FRANCES AMELIA, wife of the Rev. W. V. Bowers.

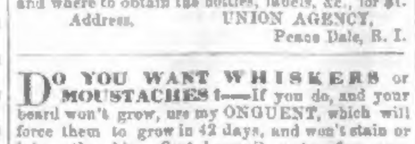
On the 20th of Aug., 1860, at Port Gibson, Miss. after a lingering illness, REBECCA C. wife of the Hon. Henry T. Ellett, of Mississippi, and daughter of the late Gov. Seeley, of N. J.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. JANE HALL, widow of the late Wm. Hall, aged 77 years.

On the 25th ultimo, WILLIAM HENWOOD, in his 39th year.

"ALL PLEASE SOUND."
FATHER KEMP'S
OLD FOLKS' CONCERT TUNES.

As sung by the original "OLD FOLKS' COMPANY" under his management at over Nine Hundred Concerts throughout the United States. Price 25 cents, on receipt of which copies will be sent by mail, post-paid. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston



R. DOLLARD,
613 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.
No 1.—The round of the head.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

$100 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE in making and selling our CELEBRATED CHEMICAL COMPOUND. As it is the only Liquid Compound of the kind, the one who sells it is free from all competition, and it sells readily everywhere. It removes every vestige of oil, paint, pitch, stain, grease, &c., from all kinds of cloth; and is also an excellent article for furniture, removing all stains, &c. Ingredients can be found at any drug store—and what costs $1.40, will, when bottled, readily retail for $10. The bottles cost but a half a cent a piece. Full instructions for making it, and where to obtain the bottles, labels, &c., for $1. Address, UNION AGENCY, Penn Dale, R. I.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS or MOUSTACHES?—If you do, and your beard won't grow, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 42 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, anywhere. Price $1. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau street, New York.

15 CENTS.—Two new recipes for making HONEY sent for 15 cents. Address J. S. U., Box 133 Washington, 1t Guernsey, Co., Ohio.

GREAT OFFER. THE FAMOUS FISH SECRET, HONEY RECIPE, and a new MONEY MAKING ART, sent for 25 cents. Address, S. D. FORBES, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wisconsin.

☞ 5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 5 new inventions—one very recent, and of great value to families. All pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass sep1-4t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

CAUTION.
SPURIOUS AMERICAN WATCHES.

We are credibly informed that some of the Jewelers of ——— and other places are selling counterfeit and imitation American Watches, for the genuine article, manufactured at Waltham, Mass., and particularly a foreign imitation of our watch, named P. S. *Bartley*, which is represented to be manufactured in Hartford, Conn. It may be of service to the public to be informed that there is no manufactory of watches in that place. The genuine article of one grade of our watches is named P. S. BARTLETT, WALTHAM, MASS., and all our watches of every grade are marked "*Waltham, Mass.*"

It is hardly necessary to state that such watches are like ours in *form* only, and are made upon the same old *system* that has already flooded the country with watches that are not only vexatious and a constant source of expense, but really useless to the owners, and when bought for genuine are calculated to injure the high reputation which our watches have attained. We therefore caution the public against buying our watches from any person who cannot furnish a certificate of genuineness for every watch offered for sale, bearing the number of the watch and the signature of the Treasurer of the Company, R. E. Robbins. We also beg to inform those who deal in the spurious article, that legal proceedings will be instituted against them, upon any well authenticated instance of their selling a counterfeit or colorable imitation of any of our products.

For the American Watch Co
ROBBINS & APPLETON, Agents,
sep8-3t No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

WINCHESTER & CO.,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY,
AT THE OLD STAND,
NO. 706 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA.

☞ Gentlemen will be furnished with a formula for measurement for Shirts and Drawers on application by mail. oct8-sowly

2,500 AGENTS WANTED!!
To sell GOOD BOOKS!!! A small capital required, and LARGE PROFITS CERTAIN. Address LEARY, GETZ & CO., Publishers, aug4-3m 224 North Second St., Philadelphia.

IF YOU WANT
FIRST CLASS CLOTHING
Go to CHARLES STOKES,
NO. 824 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
(Under the Continental Hotel.)
☞ Our low and uniform price ... 824

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AGENTS WANTED to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage, sept1-4t L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you are out of Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, aug18-tf 128 William St., N. Y.

JACOB LADOMUS,
618 Market St., Philad'a.
AMERICAN, ENGLISH and SWISS
WATCHES;
A large assortment constantly on hand and *Warranted Time-keepers*. Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest cash prices. Sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of funds. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.
Also, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE of every description always on hand. aug25-3m

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations

Wit and Humor.

A NOAD TO BLONDIN.

[Our witty and humorous friend, Jacques Mautice, of "K. N. Pepper" notoriety, has written the following, entitled "A Noad to Mr. Blondin," which we copy from the Republic:—]

remarkabel passon ' enterprisin Strainger '
You left the Shoars ov frans, wair you youze to liv,
& landid hear, takin at I's a Hi Stan.
You hev match genus & apperiently few cloathe.
Your intelegent feachers Speaks well Ballanst mind,
& we al no your got a well Ballanst Body.
You must Be good, for we all no you wock
A strait & narer path wich few kin foller.
altho thin clad your not a Shiftless passon.
fur you Support yourself uncomon well.
Sumbody's warnd you Bout the 1st fals Step.
for al kin see youm cairful not to talk it.

remarkable passon ! perfick Bizuis man '
wus it a gal that got you onto a String '
Exkews me ef i tech a tender cord—
i woodent hirt your feelins for the world
wat Sercus man did you talk lessons ov '
You probbly Startid onto a rale rode trac,
or praps a curb ston ; then you tooc to fensis:
& then you Soared to rafters of noo houses.
a Scairin al the Carpenters like mischief ;
then "Roape" wos whispered Bi your gardian angel—
to wich you listend with a Swete Sirpris.
& orderd ov a Balens poal imejitly.

remarkabel passon ' forrener tremenjus '
How plain you Sho the good ov egsersize '
Bi merely a talkin ov a wock, you cleer
$1,000 dolers nearly every time.
Besides, you wock into al pepels afeckshuns.
the Hier you git the Straiter you kin wock.
this shows you aint at al like Comon foax.
wich can't wock mutch when they air Elevaited.
Youm Conscraited for to wock a roap.
Ef i was yung (wich Strickly Spekin ain't troo.)
& hedent no wife, likewais no tender infans,
i thine ide larn for to wock a roap miself.

remarkabel passon ; persewerin frenchman '
did you leve eny 1st chop men in frans ?
ide bet there ain't no smarter men than you there !
Hes lewis napolin ever seen yoR wock '
Ef so, peraps he got a Hint or 2
that learnt him for to keep the roap hiself.
they Say sum popsl go to see you fall,
& cuss perfusely wen they See you doant.
Bein french, ov coars you would plese your frens ;
But probblo you ain't french enuf for that.
Becos it woodent pay as wel as wockin ;
Besides, you coodent git your life insboored.

remarkabel passon ' Elivatid carricter '
Wot is your cam opinyun ov america ?
You must hev moments or profound reflekshun
Wile a standin onto your Hed so dignifide.
We Shood Be Sory to Hev you go away
& say that things Heer doant opreckiate Scot.
Wear very angshus for to plees grait forinera.
air you plesed with niagry, mr. Blondin ? praps
it aint as good, for a fall, as Sum in frans.
But it roars cuite pasibol, sumtime in the nite.
You air admired, grait foriner, By thousands.
Keep on a wockin, mr. Blondin. adoo.

QUANDARIES.

Knocking at the wrong door, and hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or stay and apologize.

Crossing the road until you see a gig coming one way and a cab another; so that if you move on you are sure to be knocked down by one, and if you stand still you may possibly be crushed by both.

Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night, and cogitating whether you will lie still and catch your death, or get up and dress, and pass the night on the two cane-bottom chairs.

Paying your addresses to a penniless fair one, under the impression that she is an heiress; and, on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady, or of being shot by the young lady's brother.

Dining at a friend's house, where you must either drink wine till you become intoxicated, or refrain till you become disagreeable.

Coming to four cross-roads, one of which you must take at random, or just walk back a mile or two and inquire your way.

WHICH IS THE BEST?—Gen. Shelley, on passing a review of a cavalry corps, had this dialogue with one of the sergeants:

"Which is the best horse in the squadron?" said the General.

"The horse No. 40."

"What qualities has he which makes him best?"

"He runs and leaps well, has no defects in his limbs or health, is fat, carries his head high, has good blood, and is in the prime of his age."

"And who is the best soldier in the squadron?"

"The best soldier is Francois I———."

"And why is he best?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, clean, takes care of his equipments, his arms, and his horse, and is exact in the performance of his duties."

"And to whom does the best horse belong?"

"It is mine, General."

"And who is the best soldier?"

"Your humble servant, General."

The General laughed, and gave the man a present of money, which he received with imperturbable gravity.

SHARP.—A correspondent of the North Bridgewater Gazette is responsible for the following:

Two of our physicians, Dr. A. and Dr. B, met at the post office, when the following took place, in presence of a crowd of "listeners:" Dr. A., thinking that a little exercise would be better than "julep," and fresh air preferable to "Dover's powder," had taken one of his patients to ride that morning, which was seen by Dr. B., who addressed Dr. A. in this wise: "Well, doctor, I saw you taking one of your patients to ride." "Exactly," says Dr. A. "Well," said Dr. B., "a thing I never do, is to take my patients out to ride." "I know it," said Dr. A., "the undertaker does it for you."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE COL. PRESTON.

Many of our readers remember the stately presence, the dignified bearing and imposing manner of Colonel William C. Preston, of South Carolina. It was when all these qualities were in their prime, and Preston represented his State in the Senate of the United States, that business or pleasure called him to the West, and to take passage down the Mississippi river. In those "flush times" the steamers swarmed with hoosiers, greenhorns, and gamblers, the latter politely designated "sporting gentlemen," the term "gambler" or "blackleg" entailing on the speaker a pistol shot or a wipe from the Bowie-knife.

The boat was on the eve of departure, and our Senator, standing on deck and holding a small mahogany box, was observing with great interest and pleasure, the busy scene on the wharf, when an individual, luxuriating in a rather ornate style of dress, approached him, and in subdued tones demanded:

"I say, old feller, when are you going to commence?"

"Commence what, sir?" asked the astonished Senator.

"Pshaw! none of that gammon with me! The fact is, a few of us boys on board want a little fun, and we won't pile it on too strong for you; so come and open at once."

"Really, sir," replied Preston, "I am totally at a loss to guess your meaning; open what?"

"Open what! Why, the bank, of course. Maybe you think our pile isn't large enough to make it an object. But we're not so poor as all that, anyhow!"

The Senator meditated gloomily, but all was dark to him; he was plunged in a sea of doubt, and he had never met any problem, not even a political one, so hard to solve.

"Perhaps," broke in his pertinacious friend again, after a considerable pause, "perhaps you will say directly that you are not a sporting man."

"I certainly am nothing of the kind, sir," rejoined Preston, rather angrily; "and I can't imagine what put the idea into your head."

"Not a sporting man! Whew-w. I never heard of such a piece of impudence? Well, if you're not a sporting man, will you please to tell me why you carry the tools about with you?" and he pointed to the mahogany box which he still carried.

A light broke on Preston's mind!

"The mahogany box!" he cried. "Ah! ha! ha!—very natural mistake, indeed, my good sir, very natural indeed! my good sir; very natural, indeed! Well, I will show you the contents." And laughing heartily, he opened the box in question, which was in fact, his dressing-case, and displayed the usual parade of brushes, combs, razors, soap, etc., which usually fill that article of travelling comfort.

Our friend looked at the case, then at Preston again. Then he heaved a long sigh, and then he pondered.

"Well," he broke out at length, "I did take you to be a sporting gentleman—I did; but now I see you are a barber; but if I'd known it, hang me if I had a spoke to you!" And so saying, he "vamoosed."

Fancy the feelings of our honorable Senator, as he assumed these various characters in the eyes of an anxious stranger.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Gentlemen: This is the celebrated boa constrictor, the finest, largest, longest, strongest, and prettiest animal of its specie on exhibition in this country. He was caught in South Africa (as he lay torpid after swallowing two oxen and a drove of sheep) in a wire net, his capture affording a beautiful illustration of successful wire pulling. It was supposed that the sand where he was found was hot enough to boil eggs, and that his skin was at least "well done" there, is provided by its highly finished appearance. His color is supposed to combine all the hues of all the snakes that ever hissed or bit, from the "old serpent" to a congar eel. His size is variable, as like most other objects in nature, he expands with heat and contracts with cold. For every rise of five degrees in the thermometer, he gets an additional foot of longitude. In his native sands he's a hundred and fifty feet long. The warm season of our own country stretches him twenty five feet. Last January, when the thermometer fell to sixteen degrees, he shrank into such trifling dimensions as to be invisible through the most powerful microscope. His present length you can see for yourselves. His temperance principles are of the Goughest kind. He is a dozen cold-water societies rolled into one. His drink, at his present dimensions, is three gallons of water per week; his food—three more gallons of water. He has great natural talent for politics, which he shows by changing his coat four times a year, and if he could talk, might get to be President of the United States. He is a relation of the "Silver Lake snake," but is no connection of the famous Walter's snakes. Price of admission, "one dime."

A PRIVATE BOX.—Mr. H——— is a prominent man about town, and has a large moneyed interest in one of the theatres. He is also a well-behaved man, and has a pew in St. ———'s Church, which he has never honored with his presence, though his family are always in their places on Sundays. The clergyman, meeting him one day, felt called upon to remonstrate with him for his absence from meeting.

"Well, I am coming," said Mr. H———, "but to tell you the truth, I don't know which is my *box*."

The clergyman gravely told him, if he would call on the sexton, he would point out his *box*.

WHAT S. G. D. G. STANDS FOR.—At the foot of each coupon of the new Papal loan, are the following initials:—S. G. D. G., which stands for *Sub Gratia Dei Glorificantis*—(under the grace and glory of God). A holder of several of these coupons was lately sadly puzzled by these mysterious letters, which baffled all his efforts at interpretation. In his perplexity he applied to a friend. "Is it possible?" retorted the latter, "why, I thought everybody knew that. They mean *Senza Granzia Di Garibaldi*—(without guarantee of Garibaldi!")

THE UNMANLY OUTRAGE WHICH LED TO THE FAMOUS BARBER DIVORCE CASE—ACCORDING TO MRS. BARBER'S STATEMENT.—[See next week's paper for Mr. Barber's view of it.]

"TAKE ONE FROM ONE, AND SOMETHING REMAINS."—A sub committee of a school board, not a thousand miles from the city of Lynn, were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following questions:

"If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should keep half of the pie for myself, what would there be left?"

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer.

"Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that all can hear," said the committee man.

"The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. That boy was excused from answering any more questions.

"LET HER GO."—"I was," said the reverend gentleman, "attending divine service in Norfolk, several years ago, during a season of some excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, an old lady among the congregation arose, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory." The worthy gentleman thus interrupted, immediately replied, "Good Lord, stick it in and let her go, she's but a trouble here." That quieted the old lady.

YANKEE PRAYER BEFORE BUENA VISTA.—A Yankee from Maine, being at Buena Vista the night *before the battle, and somewhat* doubtful of the result, went out of hearing, as he supposed, and made the following prayer:

"Oh, Lord, here we are, about four thousand of us, and twenty thousand Mexicans, enough to swaller us without greasin.' Now, if You can help us, do it—and if You can't, don't for heaven's sake, don't help the Mexicans, and just hold on until to-morrow, and You'll see the awfulest sight You ever saw in Your life. Yours respectfully, amen."

Agricultural.

SMALL VS. LARGE FARMS.

PEEP INTO A FARMER'S ACCOUNT BOOK—ANECDOTE OF BAKEWELL.

By means of a little stratagem, with perhaps a little editorial impudence, we managed the other day to get hold of a farmer's private account book, and notwithstanding our previous strong belief in the theory that the same amount of capital, labor and skill, expended upon a small farm, is more profitable than if spread out over one twice as large, we confess to having been a little surprised at the facts and figures the book revealed. We will call no names, and therefore betray no confidence if we publish some notes from the book. The farm contains 97 acres, 8 of which are woodland, and 2 are taken up with a lawn, and about 3 more by a street and lanes, leaving 84 acres in cultivation. The farm cost $13,400.—The proprietor is the son of a wealthy man in business in New York, and he remained in his father's office until 22 years of age, where he acquired thorough business habits. In accordance with his own choice, his father bought and stocked this farm for him, instead of establishing him in business in the city. We found in the account book a careful record of every penny of income and expenditure, even to the sale of some old iron, and the small sums paid for children's toys, transient newspapers, etc., etc. All farm produce, vegetables, fruit, etc., from the farm and garden consumed in the family, was charged to "family expenses" at the market price. Cash received and cash paid out were so accurately recorded, that at the end of one year we find a difference of only 17 cents in the footings. A daily record was made of every transaction, and the items were re-arranged in ledger columns in the second half of the same book, under the several heads of "family expenses," "personal expenses," charged to separate fields for manure, labor and seed, with credit for returns, etc. Under a subdivision of family expenses, we find charges for carriage and horses with driver, but a credit was given for all the work the man did upon the farm, and the amount was charged to the farm.

But to omit further particulars, let us look at the results shown by the balance sheet. The family live in good style, entertain their friends, travel somewhat, annually, etc., and yet, after deducting all expenses of every kind, including the interest on the land and stock, depreciation of implements and buildings by wear and age, and adding a small amount for permanent improvements, but nothing for increased value of land, the balance sheet showed a net profit for one year of $1,483 67. The total charge under family and personal expenses, exclusive of rent which was not reckoned, amounted to $1,321 44, which, added to the net income, would make the net profit $2,805 11. The principal crops were hay, corn, barley, oats, peas, potatoes, carrots and turnips, and one acre in cabbages.

Now for the lesson which this example teaches. The proprietor devotes the same thought, energy, and business tact to his present occupation, that his father has given to his city pursuits. His table is supplied with half-a-dozen of the leading agricultural papers, two or three weeklies (including one local paper and one church paper), and one daily which gives him the general news and keeps him up with the state of the market. One great secret of his success, and the one to which we wish to call particular attention, is in the fact that he cultivates no more land than he can cultivate well. He could, by the asking, have an adjoining farm (his father would purchase it for him), but he says he has all the land he can attend to, *and doubts if he could use any more profitably.* His soil is naturally of only about average quality, but every foot is brought to the highest fertility by thorough tillage, and especially by manuring. Besides the large amount of manure made upon the farm, we found charged to farm expenses for one year $816 25 paid out, in part for Peruvian guano, ashes, bone dust, etc., but mainly for stable manure brought *from New York, partly in wagons returning from market, and partly in* sloops by water, and carted inland.

The above example is far from being the strongest one that could be given to show the profit of comparatively small areas of land; it is a case of general farming done in a thorough manner, and it may be studied with profit by that large class who always feel poor until they own all the land in sight of their dwellings. From an observation somewhat extended, we have come to the conclusion that very few men comparatively are capable of cultivating 100 acres of land perfectly; and we judge that by far the largest class would make more money at farming if their acres were positively limited to fifty at most.

Another lesson to be derived from the above example should not be passed over. We asked the proprietor if he did not sometimes regret that he had not gone into business in the city, where he might have accumulated a large fortune? His answer was in effect, that he was abundantly satisfied; that he really labored less there, and suffered far less anxiety than most business men in the city; that ninety-five out of every hundred who commenced business failed, and not one in a hundred became wealthy, and he was not sure of being among the successful ones; that he lived independently on his farm, unannoyed by city turmoil, and untrammeled by city fashions; that his children were growing up healthy and uncontaminated by the moral or physical atmosphere of the city; and finally that his net income was enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

Apropos to the above, we give an anecdote of the late Mr. Bakewell, the noted stock breeder of Dishley, England, which is related in a lecture by Mr. Beasly, recently published in London:

Mr. Bakewell was not only an eminent farmer and stock breeder, but a very shrewd man, and his neighbors were in the habit of resorting to him for counsel and advice. On one occasion an old friend went to pay him a visit for the purpose of explaining to him his position, and at the same time begged that he would recommend him what to do. He had lived all his life upon his own farm of 1,000 acres; he lived very well, but he had never saved a shilling. He had three daughters, and the eldest was about to be married; he highly approved of the match, but the intended husband expected some portion, and he had nothing to give him. Should he mortgage his estate, or what should he do? Mr. Bakewell begged him to spend the night with him, and promised the next morning to give him the result of his cogitations! Accordingly, the next morning, when they met at breakfast, Bakewell said:

"I have made up my mind what you ought to do; give your son-in-law one-fourth of the farm, keep the remaining three-fourths, do not part with any portion of your capital and stock, and work the remaining three-fourths with it. Do it better than you have hitherto done, and your income will be rather increased than diminished."

His friend followed his advice; but at the end of two or three years, another daughter was to be married, and the perplexed father again resorted to his friend Bakewell for advice, under this new difficulty. Bakewell coolly said he had watched his proceedings, and seen their results; he must do in this case as he had done before; he must give up another fourth of his farm, and keep the original capital and stock. The father seemed somewhat puzzled, but, as the first experiment had succeeded, he determined to try it in this case also. Last of all the youngest daughter was to be married, and, in utter despair, the poor father paid another visit to Dishley to explain his perplexity.

"Well," said Bakewell, "tell me honestly whether your income has diminished by having reduced your farm by one-half!"

The father acknowledged he thought it had no'.

"Then," said Bakewell, "you must give up another fourth of your farm, and keep the remaining 250 acres for yourself, and, to tell you the truth, you will then have just such a farm as your stock, your capital and your head are fit for, and will be a better and happier man than ever."

Old Bakewell used to tell this story with great glee, and declared his friend left as much stock and capital upon the 250 acres as he had ever had upon the 1,000, and, as he believed, made a better income out of it. This may be a somewhat exaggerated statement, but of this I am sure: a small, well-cultivated farm will make a better return than a large, ill-cultivated one.—*American Agriculturist.*

VELOCITY OF MOWING MACHINES.—Mowing machines usually cut on an average a strip of grass a little over four feet wide. The knife is longer, but the driver cannot use its whole breath without danger of leaving an uncut strip. If the speed of the horse, therefore, average two miles an hour, including stopping to clear obstructions, turning, &c., just one acre will be cut in an hour. In ordinary practice, the various delays reduce the amount to nearer an acre in two hours. We observe, however, in the last number of the New England Farmer, an account of the operations of a newly made Ketchum mower, on the farm of J. B. Shurtleff, near Boston, where over an acre was cut at the rate of an acre in twenty-four minutes. The grass was a ton and a half to two tons per acre, and the weather excessively hot and close. On the previous day, which was cool, the same team and machine is reported to have cut an acre in fifteen minutes.

The knife-bar was six feet long, and the swath averaged five feet and six inches—requiring three swaths to make a rod wide. Consequently, a mile and a half must be travelled for each acre; and in cutting the acre in 24 minutes, as above stated, the speed of the team, *including all stoppages,* must have been three miles and three-quarters per hour; and in cutting the same amount in fifteen minutes, as reported, the average speed, also including stoppages, must have been *six miles an hour.* Is there not not some mistake in the statement? —*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

TO KILL BUNIONS.—A lady gives this as her experience: "With sixpence worth of corrosive sublimate, dissolved in rum or whiskey, I went carefully over and into every lurking place of the pests, applying it pretty liberally with the feather end of a quill, and after repeating the dose a few times at intervals of two or three weeks, I have conquered a peace, and happiness has returned to our dwelling."

TO KILL COCKROACHES.—A teacupful of well-bruised plaster of Paris, mixed with double the quantity of oatmeal, to which add a little sugar (the latter is not essential), then strew it on the floor or in the chinks where they frequent.

TO PICKLE TOMATOES.—Always use those which are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them, as most receipt books direct. Let them lie in a strong brine three or four days, then put them down in layers in your jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horse-radish; then pour on the vinegar (cold), which should be first spiced as for peppers; let there be a spice bag to throw into every pot. Cover them carefully, and set them by in the cellar for a full month before using.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ripe tomatoes, and scald them just sufficient to allow you to take off the skins; then let them stand for a day, covered with salt; strain them thoroughly to remove the seeds; then to every two quarts, three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little Cayenne pepper, with a little salt; boil the liquor for an hour, and then let it cool and settle; add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.

Another Way.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft; squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of Cayenne pepper, five heads of garlic skinned and separated; mix together and boil about three hours, or until reduced to about one half; then bottle, without straining.

TO RESTORE LUSTRE TO SILK.—Every lady knows that black silk often loses its lustre, and looks old long before it is worn out. It is a pity to lay it aside, yet it is not pleasant to wear, for glossiness is one of the beauties that makes silk more desirable than other fabrics; even bright new calico looks better than lustreless, faded silk. We recently saw a silk dress, which had been worn a long time, restored so as to look almost as good as new, by a very simple process, a description of which we procured: Take two raw potatoes of ordinary size, pare them and remove the core if they are hollow. Slice them into a half pint of cold water, and leave them over night. The next morning, sponge the silk with the water, not wetting it too freely; then iron it, and its appearance will be greatly improved.

☞ The wild duck and wild pigeon can fly between four hundred and five hundred miles in a day.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 6, 11, 15, 9, 20, is a county in New York.
My 2, 16, 1, 5, 10, is a county in Georgia.
My 3, 9, 1, 17, 18, is a county in New York.
My 4, 9, 19, 10, is a county in Florida.
My 5, 10, 20, 17, 14, is a county in Michigan.
My 6, 18, 13, 9, is a county in North Carolina.
My 7, 14, 18, 19, 20, is a county in Virginia.
My 8, 19, 11, 16, 12, is a county in South Carolina.
My 9, 15, 5, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 10, 14, 18, 13, is a county in North Carolina.
My 11, 6, 12, is a county in Missouri.
My 12, 14, 7, 13, 2, 3, 4, is a county in Oregon.
My 13, 6, 4, 3, is a county in Virginia.
My 14, 7, 9, 4, 17, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 15, 14, 12, is a county in Missouri.
My 16, 19, 16, 10, is a county in North Carolina.
My 17, 19, 1, 14, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 18, 14, 3, 9, 7, is a county in New Jersey.
My 19, 1, 9, 20, is a county in Kentucky.
My 20, 9, 4, 18, 19, 10, is a county in Virginia.
My whole was a statesman and soldier.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 10, 8, 11, is a nickname.
My 5, 9, is a preposition.
My 1, 17, 12, is a pronoun.
My 2, 10, is a verb.
My 4, 7, 5, 17, is an ancient city.
My 13, 3, 11, is a verb or a noun.
My 12, 15, 18, is a pugnacious animal.
My 16, 17, 4, 4, 11, 6, is an epistle.
My whole is the title of a book.

Kingston, R. I. F. W. STONE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ship was flying fast,
Upon the mighty sea;
The captain was a seaman bold,
Upon my *first* stood he.

Within the cabin, then,
Reclined a maiden fair;
And from her lips my *second* rose
Upon the evening air.

The evening was fine;
The stars shone fair and bright;
The gentle moon sent down my *third*,
With soft, effulgent light.

The captain loved the maid,
He knew her truth and worth;
For everything that was not good—
The maiden did my *fourth*.

And they were married, when
The ship had reached the land;
The captain brave had made my *whole*,—
She blest him with her hand.

GAHMEW.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Denmark.
An island in Oceanica.
A lake in the United States.
A river in Asia.
One of the United States.
A country in Africa.
A mount in South America.
A river in the United States.
A city in Massachusetts.
A city in Europe.
The initials give the name of a distinguished man.

WILLIAM TOLBERT TOTTEN.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman has a flower plat in form of a quadrant of a circle, the radius of which is 20 feet. He wishes a circle inscribed in the quadrant. The diameter is required?

SIMPSON.
Pittsburg.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished? Ans.—A-gate.

☞ Why is the letter L like a calf's tail? Ans.—Because it is at the end of veal.

☞ What Miss plays more tricks than a monkey? Ans.—Mis-chief.

☞ What Miss occasions a great many quarrels? Ans.—Mis-understanding.

☞ What Miss will ruin any man? Ans.—Mismanagement.

☞ What Miss always makes her lover go astray? Ans.—Mis-lead.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

OLD DOMINION ENIGMA—The history of man from the primeval simplicity of our first parents to the present day has satisfactorily proven, that neither the dictates of reason, the light of philosophy, nor the Divine precepts of our Holy Religion furnish adequate restraints to his vicious propensities. RIDDLE—Murmur. PLACES IN CANADA ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED—Belleville, Port Hope, Lo-n-don, Co-bourgh, Cornwall. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM—2,232086 in. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—$420 B's stock—28 mos. C's time, and $1873 D's amount of stock and profit.

Answer to Scripture Enigma published Aug. 11th—"Love the Lord." Laban, Gen. 30. 37. Obed, II. Chron. 28. 9. Vashti, Esther 1. 12. Elisha, II. Kings, 5. 20. Tyre.—Hamath, II. Samuel, 8. 9 Ezra—Lasia, Acts, 27, 8. Othniel, Jud., 3. 12. Rahab, Josh., 2. 10. David.

N. B. SPENCER.
Magan Co., Ohio.

LET US BE JOYFUL.—A little mirth mixes well and profitably with both business and philanthropy. How stupid life would be, both in labor and in leisure, without that gaiety within us which responds to the cheerfulness and beauty around us. Nay, its main currents run all the deeper, as well as fresher and purer, for the light trills of joyousness that, laughing and flashing, flow into them. The rivers would stagnate into pools if the rivulets ceased to play. Philosophers and men of business save their souls alive, and keep their intellects fresh and healthy, by mingling their mirthfulness of youth with the soberness of age; and even fun and philanthropy are often found in the same character.